Southern Branch
of the
University of California
Los Angeles

Form L 1

PR
5495
M78

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

NOV 1 9 1952

MAY 2 2 1953

OCT 2 RECD

JUN 2 3 1954

DEC 3 0 1954

APR 4 1955

DEC 1 4 1955

JUL 1 3 1959

REC'D MLD

MAR 2 3 1961
REC'D MLD

REC'D LD-URL
JUL 2 1962

MAY 2 6 1964

OCT 2 4 1967

Form L9–10m-3, 48(A7920)444

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/withstevenson00moor

WITH STEVENSON IN SAMOA

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

From a portrait by
the novelist to the author

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

From a portrait presented by
the novelist to the author

WITH STEVENSON IN SAMOA

BY

H. J. MOORS

Illustrated from photographs, letters, etc.

BOSTON
SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1910
By Small, Maynard & Company
(incorporated)

Entered at Stationers' Hall

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	"Invalid and Good Fellow"	1
II	"In the South Seas"	13
III	His First Work in Samoa	20
IV	The Two Stevensons	27
V	Stevenson at Home	39
VI	Some of His Friends in the South Seas	64
VII	The Talker	75
VIII	Books and Collaboration	87
IX	Tusitala and the Natives	102
X	Peace or War?	116
XI	"Libeling" a Missionary	128
XII	Briefing the Novelist	143
XIII	When Malietoa was King	153
XIV	Samoa's "Grand Old Man"	176
XV	The Road of Gratitude	189
XVI	A Plan That Failed	196
XVII	Death and Burial	204
XVIII	An Appeal	217

ILLUSTRATIONS

Robert Louis Stevenson — From a portrait presented by the novelist to the author . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

The wrecks of the Trenton, Vandalia and Olga . 6

A waterfall at Vailima 12

A Samoan village 14

Samoan children playing along a river-bank . . 18

Tivoli Road, on the way to Vailima 20

Lloyd Osbourne and Stevenson with "Jack," the pony 22

Proof sheets of *A Footnote to History* 26

A Samoan maiden in full dress 32

Stevenson's "Cowboy" 36

The original Vailima cottage; front view . . . 40

The original Vailima cottage; side view . . . 44

A family group on the verandah 50

Facsimile of a note from "R. L. S." to the author 54

A group on the steps of Vailima 56

Ben Hird 60

Facsimile of the first number of the *Samoan Reporter* 64

The late Malieatoa Laupepa 70

The Bottle Imp in Samoan 98

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

A Samoan fishing canoe 102
Uo, a native chief, one of Stevenson's friends . . 104
Stevenson and Tuimalealiifagu 106
Ale, one of Stevenson's friends 108
Vao, the daughter of Seumanutafa 110
Turtles killed for Vao's wedding feast 112
Cacao tree 114
Tamasese the Elder 122
Mulinnuu Point 126
United States Consulate 132
Facsimile of a note from Stevenson to Mr. Carruthers 144
Faamu, daughter of Malieatoa 154
Samoan girls making kava 170
Mataafa 180
Facsimile of a letter from Mataafa 182
Mataafa at home 186
"The Road of Gratitude" to-day 192
Seumanutafa 194
Vailima in 1893 198
Vailima after the verandah had been enclosed . . 206
Apia with Mt. Vaea in the background 210
The tomb of Stevenson with the English inscription 212
The native inscription on Stevenson's tomb . . . 214
Vailima as it appears to-day 224

PREFACE

To those who have read the *Vailima Letters* no introduction is needed; but for the information of such as are not familiar with those very interesting epistles to his friend Sidney Colvin, written by Robert Louis Stevenson during his residence in Samoa, I may state that from the time the novelist first set foot in Apia, to the end, I enjoyed the privilege of his friendship. When he arrived he brought a letter of introduction to me, and for some time the family made my house their home. From the first of the Letters, which were written after Stevenson had finally settled in his "Vailima" home at the back of Apia, I take this extract: "Put in Sunday afternoon with our counsel, 'a nice young man,' dined with my friend H. J. Moors in the evening, went to church — no less — at

the white and half-white church — I had never been before and was much interested; the woman I sat next looked a full-blood native, and it was in the prettiest and readiest English that she sang the hymns; back to Moors', where we yarned of the islands, being both wide wanderers, till bed time." And throughout the *Vailima Letters* there is constant reference to his wide-wandering friend. We had many long talks, many confidences, many escapades. History was moving; they were troublous times for Samoa.

As I write this preface, my friend stands clear-cut before me; I see his face again, I hear his voice. Stevenson's sojourn in Samoa with the happy companionship it brought me, is one of the pleasantest memories of my life. "I never saw so good a place as this Apia," said a young Irishman he has told us of; "you can be in a new conspiracy every day." Certainly, strange things happened in those days. I remember well the little adventures we had; but most of all do I like

to recall the quiet evenings we spent together, exchanging stories and talking about books and their writers. All reserve was thrown aside; we talked to each other as man to man, and friend to friend. His various literary projects were all made known to me, and we spent many hours in discussing them. Most of what he wrote in Samoa I had the privilege of reading in the manuscript; indeed, I supplied him with some of the material for his stories. As to *A Footnote to History,* a stirring account of the Samoan troubles extending over a period of eight years, the greater part of it was written in my house. Ah, if he had only lived to continue the history! For, verily, stranger and more monstrous things were done after his death than ever were dreamed of before it. From petty bickerings among the Samoans, situations arose which brought about serious conflicts; and more reputations were wrecked, more lives lost, and much more property destroyed in the short space of four months, than dur-

ing the whole period of Stevenson's residence. If only his graphic pen could have written the final footnote! If he could have laid the blame of the shameful closing scenes upon those who guiltily and carelessly brought them about!

I have endeavored in the following pages to give a true and faithful account of Robert Louis Stevenson as he appeared to us common folk in the islands. As a prophet is without honor in his own country, so Stevenson cut no great figure in the minds of most white men in Samoa, his island home — he was just one of us. It is when we lose some precious possession that we prize it most. Let me, however, do justice to the Samoan natives. To them he was a prophet; by them he was honored as a man set apart from his fellows. They made the "Road of Gratitude" (or the "Road of the Loving Hearts") leading up to his house, in memory of a great kindness; and when he died they cut the track up the steep slope of Vaea that

their Tusitala might be buried on the mountain-top "where he longed to be."

The number of books that have already been written about this man and his writings is remarkable; to the making of them there is no end. And in adding another to the list I can only hope that indulgent readers will find in it something that is new and, possibly, in so far as it may assist towards a better understanding of the man, something that is valuable. First and foremost, the work has been undertaken in response to repeated requests by many of Mr. Stevenson's friends. His life in Samoa was full of interest, full of incident; history was blended with romance. "Since Byron was in Greece," his friend Mr. Gosse wrote to him, "nothing has appealed to the ordinary literary man so much as that you should be living in the South Seas." It has been my endeavor to tell something of that "later Stevenson" whom I have read of in books. If I cannot explain him — for in many things he was a man of mystery — I

may, perhaps, be able to throw some further light on his picture. But I shall throw no limelight; my object is simply to record facts and impressions, telling my story plainly and truthfully. Whether or not there came over Stevenson in his latest years that wonderful change attributed to him by some writers, the reader may judge for himself.

I have to thank the late Mr. R. Hetherington Carruthers, solicitor, of Apia, and Mr. W. Farmer Whyte, of the *New Zealand Herald,* Auckland, for much valuable assistance.

H. J. M.

Apia, Samoa.

WITH STEVENSON IN SAMOA

WITH STEVENSON IN SAMOA

CHAPTER I

INVALID AND GOOD FELLOW

Robert Louis Stevenson — well do I remember my first meeting with him in Samoa. I had previously met Joe Strong, a relative of his by marriage, and Strong had written to me from Hawaii, informing me that Stevenson was touring the islands, and would in due course arrive at Apia. "He has gained rather a famous name as a novelist," wrote Strong, "especially as the author of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* which you must have read; but beyond all that, he is a charming fellow, and you will like him." Stevenson, he added, was just then tripping it round the Gilberts and other islands to the north-

ward, and later on he would turn up at Samoa. Would I be so good as to do what I could to make his stay a pleasant one, "as he is an invalid and good fellow"?

For six or seven months after receiving this letter I had been looking out for him; and early in December, 1889, the schooner *Equator* with Stevenson on board, entered Apia harbor. I went aboard. A young-looking man came forward to meet me. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, although really nine years older, of fair and somewhat sallow complexion, and about five feet ten inches in height. He wore a slight, scraggy moustache, and his hair hung down about his neck after the fashion of artists. This was Stevenson — R. L. S., "the best beloved initials in recent literature"— and I knew it even before he spoke. He was not a handsome man, and yet there was something irresistibly attractive about him. The genius that was in him seemed to shine out of his face. I was struck at once by his keen, in-

quiring eyes. Brown in color, they were strangely bright, and seemed to penetrate you like the eyes of a mesmerist. His feet were bare, and I remember that he was dressed in a thin calico shirt and a light pair of flannel trousers, with a little white yachting cap — one of those cheese-cutter things — on his head.

We introduced ourselves, and became friendly at once. On board the little schooner were his wife and her son by a former marriage — Lloyd Osbourne — also, a very comical Chinaman whom they had picked up somewhere during their travels.

The *Equator,* as well as I can recollect, was a vessel of about fifty tons, commanded by Captain Dennis Reid.

At that time there was but one hotel in Apia, and as it badly needed to be "under new management" I invited the party, John Chinaman included, to stay at my house. This was the beginning of a long acquaintance. Stevenson was charmed with Samoa,

and he bubbled over with delight as one enchanted. The prospect that opened out before him seemed to get into his very veins. "It's grand!" he exclaimed. And the grandeur remained. Of all the islands he visited he learned to love Samoa best; and this, I think, applies equally well to the rest of the family. In time to come, even as he loved Samoa, Stevenson drew her people lovingly around him; and Tusitala [1] is a name esteemed and revered to-day by all Samoans who knew him.

I needed not to be told that he was in indifferent health, for it was stamped on his face. He appeared to be intensely nervous, highly strung, easily excited. When I first brought him ashore he was looking somewhat weak, but hardly had he got into the street (for Apia is practically a town with but one street) when he began to walk up and down it in a most lively, not to say eccentric, manner. He could not stand still.

[1] Writer of Tales.

When I took him into my house, he walked about the room, plying me with questions, one after another, darting up and down, talking on all sorts of subjects, with no continuity whatever in his conversation. His wife was just as fidgetty as himself; Lloyd Osbourne not much better. The long lonesome trip on the schooner had quite unnerved them, and they were delighted to be on shore again.

Stevenson was very much addicted to the "bare feet" habit. He had worn no shoes on the schooner, and it seemed to go very much against his will to put any on after his arrival at Apia. But before long I became aware of other eccentricities, and ceased to be surprised at anything he did.

After staying with me for some time, as my guests, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson decided to look for a little cottage close at hand, though at the same time they pointed out that they had no definite plans for the future. I assured them that they were welcome to stay

at my house as long as they liked, and I believe they would have stayed longer had it not been for the aforementioned Chinaman. Somehow, they felt that he was in the way, for he was doing absolutely nothing, unless it were soaking in impressions, as Stevenson himself was doing. My own cook had taken a dislike to him from the first, and refused point blank to accept any assistance from him.

So it came about that the Stevensons rented a little cottage up the lane close by. The lane has gone now, and with it the cottage. But although he no longer actually lived with me, Stevenson still spent a large part of his time at my house; and, to tell the truth, he never seemed to know where he was going to have his dinner, whether at his own place or mine. It used to afford us a good deal of amusement.

"Well, Stevenson," I would say, "will you stay to dinner?"

"No, thanks, I'll get home." And then,

The wrecks of the Trenton, Vandalia and Olga after the hurricane of 1889. When Stevenson came to Samoa they were a feature of the harbor view

as an after thought: "What have you for dinner, Moors?"

I would call out loudly, inquiring what the cook was up to. May be it was something toothsome. "Well, will you stay?"

"Yes, I'll stay — for my stomach's sake!"

Now, Mrs. Stevenson prided herself on her cooking, and sometimes became very wroth with her husband, when, after she had prepared a good meal, there was no Louis to help in the eating of it.

Besides being a fine cook, his wife had many other good qualities. She possessed a wonderful fund of interesting and instructive information. She was small in stature, and in complexion dark, her features were regular and pleasant to look upon, and from her photographs I judged that she must have been a handsome girl.

Though she was probably Mr. Stevenson's senior by several years, the hand of time had dealt leniently with her. "Fanny" still

pleased her talented husband, and never once did I hear a harsh word pass between them. If there was any divergence of opinion, I have no doubt the lady had her way; for Stevenson, always alert to the rights of others, would surely defer to his wife's desires in every reasonable thing. She was certainly very much attached to him, and I used to like watching the attention she bestowed on her erratic partner. Sometimes she would even come and drag him away, in the middle of an animated discussion, declaring that "too much talk is not good for Louis!" She was always assiduous in her attentions, and his regard for her was no less pronounced. There was an absence of anything in the way of loving expressions, but their affection for each other was firm and deep-rooted.

From the outset Stevenson took a great interest in Samoan affairs; and it must be admitted that there was much to interest him at that time, for the country was in a very un-

settled state and its then recent history full of thrills and romantic incident.

With every passing day his health improved. "Ah," he would exclaim to me, "island life has charms not to be found elsewhere! Half the ills of mankind might be shaken off without doctor or medicine by mere residence in this lovely portion of the world. How little our friends in Europe know of the ease they might find here in Samoa."

Though he never gained in weight, renewed strength came to him, and he soon took to horseback riding, visiting distant places of interest. It was a pleasant change from lying on his back, which he informed me was what he usually had to do in a cold climate. Then the least change seemed to affect him, and woe betide the person who inadvertently opened the door of his room and let in a destructive draught! Now he began to feel young again.

Often during the fine evenings we nearly always enjoy in Apia, he would sit on my balcony facing the moonlit sea; and he would relate in his most engaging way some of his experiences and adventures to eastward in the Marquesas and Tahiti groups, and then would carry me with him in a dissertation on the wildly savage Gilberts. I was familiar with all the different islands and having visited them much earlier than he had, I was able to point out how conditions had been modified by the arrival of white settlers. Unquestionably Stevenson had been handsomely treated wherever he had penetrated, and he and his wife constantly referred to their many friends, both native and white.

At last one day Stevenson told me he would like to make his home in Samoa permanently. "I like this place better than any I have seen in the Pacific," he said. He had been to Honolulu, and liked it; Tahiti and the Marquesas had pleased him; but of all places he liked Samoa the best. "Honolu-

lu's good — very good," he added; "but this seems more savage!"

I laughed, but understood. "Then," said I, "as you can't live in Scotland, in France, or in the States, and as there's more of the savage in you than Honolulu can satisfy, why not pitch your camp near the capital of Samoa?"

Beyond a little desultory conversation on the subject, he said they had not seriously discussed it. He promised, however, that the matter should be decided without much delay. As soon as the decision was reached, he hastened to inform me, and we shook hands on it. "Barkis is willin'," he said — and "Barkis" stood for "Fanny."

He now asked me to look out for a nice piece of property that would suit him. Money matters seemed to trouble him, however — not so much the first cost of the land, but the cost of the improvements that would necessarily have to follow. Finally, after several fine properties had been submitted to

him for inspection, he decided that the Vailima land was the most attractive. At his request, I negotiated the purchase. There were four hundred acres, and I paid $4000. And on this land Vailima was afterwards built.

Vailima! — it means "five waters;" but with the lapse of time the configuration of the country has altered, and you will only find two streams running there now.

A waterfall sixty feet high in the northwest corner of the Vailima property

CHAPTER II

IN THE SOUTH SEAS

Directly after his arrival in Samoa, when the newness of the place had worn off a little, Stevenson resumed his occupation of writing a series of letters for publication in the United States. Subsequently these letters were revised and republished under the title *In the South Seas*. I remember Stevenson's telling me what "a wonderful fellow" the publisher of these letters, Mr. McClure, was — "one of the most generous and enterprising men I ever met. Just think! He came all the way to California to see me — which in itself was a great honor; and, without resort to subterfuge, he announced the fact boldly, saying, 'I have traveled across the continent to have a talk with you

about your proposed trip to the South Seas. I represent a syndicate of newspapers and magazines in which short stories are published simultaneously, coming out the same morning in almost every city in the Union. We are on the lookout for the very best we can get, and we are always ready to pay the highest price. Now, if you will write me weekly letters, describing your experiences in the Pacific, I could have them published all over the land, and a great audience would enjoy them. Can you do this work, and if so what will you ask for it?' 'How many letters do you want?' I asked. 'As many as you like — say fifty; that will keep us going for a year. Just interesting jottings. Write about whatever interests you most and send it along. Will you do it?' 'Well I don't know what to ask for a class of work I have never done before. I am not sure I can please you, but I am willing to try. What do you think would be a fair price, Mr. McClure?' 'Name your own terms — I am

A quiet native village, a typical Samoan scene

prepared to pay anything that is reasonable.' I set to thinking about it; and ultimately, remembering that there were so many papers in the syndicate, I considered they ought to be able to pay a pretty good price between them. So I said: 'I will do it for $100 a letter, or $5000 for the fifty letters, which is making no reduction for a quantity.' McClure jumped up from his chair and exclamed, 'Shake hands, Stevenson! I'll give you twice as much; I'll give you $200 for each letter of from a column to a column and a half in length — $10,000 for the fifty letters! And if you want any of the money now you can have it!' Where," said Stevenson, "would you meet such a charming man as that — except in fiction?"

It was on this work that he was engaged during the couple of months he was at my house and while we were negotiating for the purchase of Vailima; and of all the tasks he ever undertook I think that was the most distasteful to him. These letters were the trou-

ble and worry of his life. In due course newspapers began to arrive from the States containing his work, and as I was a subscriber to a number of these papers I had letters from the South Seas all around me when mail day came. I read them and was disappointed. I never mentioned them to him, or if I did, I certainly had not much to say in praise of them.

Stevenson himself soon came to the conclusion that he was not made for writing newspaper articles, and several times he told me what a bore they were to him. He was a man who liked to have his efforts recognized, and I know he was keenly disappointed at the reception accorded these letters by the reading public. They fell quite flat; and Stevenson, who knew this, spared no pains to make each one he wrote better than the last.

"Moors," he said to me one day, "I'm satisfied that this is not my line. I'm afraid I'm doing myself no good by writing these

letters, but I've made this engagement with McClure and will have to go on."

Some time afterwards, while he was still engaged on this business, I was in Chicago. I had taken over a South Sea Island exhibit for the World's Fair. Samoan houses were erected on the Midway Plaisance, and while I was there in charge of the twenty-five islanders and various exhibits, I met Mr. McClure. He was very friendly, and asked me all about Stevenson and his work in Samoa. I told him how distasteful Stevenson found the writing of his *South Sea Letters*. "I have no doubt he would come to a full stop immediately, if he had not entered into this engagement with you," I added.

"Well," said Mr. McClure, "he needn't finish them if he doesn't want to. They do not do him justice and we can get on without them. But I couldn't very well tell him so — how could I tell Stevenson that? Of course, these letters are a disappointment, and

there's no denying it. However, it's more my fault than his; he's trying to do something which I ought not to have suggested."

Throughout he spoke most kindly of Stevenson, and evinced a lively interest in my account of his doings in Samoa. He confirmed Stevenson's statement as to the high price that was being paid for the letters.

When I returned to Apia, I again discussed the subject of these letters with the writer of them, telling him of my meeting with Mr. McClure.

"Now, Stevenson," I said, "do not let this work annoy you any longer; get on to something which is more in your style. All you have to do in this matter is to ask McClure to let you off, and to stop the letters. I am quite convinced that he will fall in with your wishes, for I have already sounded him on the subject; in fact, he told me that you might stop them if it really was your desire to do so."

Samoan children playing along a river-bank, a typical scene

Stevenson was greatly relieved; and so it was that this oppressive work came to an end.

CHAPTER III

HIS FIRST WORK IN SAMOA.

After I had bought the Vailima land for Stevenson, it was arranged that I should build him a house upon it, a temporary structure in which the family might live pending the erection of a more commodious building. It was to be a very cheap affair, with but three or four rooms.

Meantime, Stevenson, accompanied by his wife and Lloyd Osbourne, went off on a jaunt to Sydney. It had long been his desire to visit Australia, and he thought this would be a good opportunity. I built this small cottage, and on my own responsibility I had a passion fruit arbor erected a little distance away, with a summer house on the top of it, thinking that it would make a suit-

Tivoli Road, on the way to Vailima

able place for the novelist to do his writing in.

When he returned from Sydney, he told me that his health had suffered by the trip. No sooner had he begun to feel the colder airs than his strength seemed to leave him, so that when he reached Port Jackson he was hardly able to get ashore. Shortly after his arrival in Sydney he was measured for some dress clothes and other wearing apparel, but he was able to make little use of them, for most of his time in the city was spent in bed. He could not go out anywhere, and the visitors who called upon him had in a good many instances to make the return calls themselves. I was not surprised that in these circumstances, he had fled back to Samoa at the first opportunity. It was wonderful how he regained his health again under the influence of the genial warmth of the tropics, for in four or five days after his return to Apia he was to be seen riding about on horseback full of life and vigor.

The small family immediately took up their residence in the cottage I had built for them. Stevenson was highly pleased with what had been done. Among other things, I had cleared a considerable portion of the land, probably eight or ten acres. At that time there was no government to make roads, and the track up to Vailima was exceedingly rough and rugged. Great logs lay across it, covered with vines, and the forest undergrowth was so thick in places as to be almost impenetrable for people carrying loads. On Stevenson's behalf, after his return, I contracted with the natives to clear the track, making it about eight feet wide. This work occupied a long time, for the property, situated as it was at the side of Vaea Mountain, was over three miles from the town. Everything that was needed at Vailima had to be taken up on pack-horses; sometimes it was even done by man-power. Stevenson's brown pony "Jack," made famous by the *Vailima Letters* was bought from me; and,

Lloyd Osbourne and Stevenson, with pack-horses loaded with supplies just arrived at Vailima from Apia. The horse behind the novelist is his famous pony "Jack"

in addition, I imported two big cart horses from Auckland for him. As soon as the road was in a passable state, we got a two-wheeled dray to work, carting material from Apia for increasing the size of the cottage. "Elbow room! Elbow room!" said Stevenson —"let's have elbow room!"

Not very long after this he went off on a trip in an island steamer, visiting Rarotonga and the island of Nassau, lying some five hundred miles eastward of Samoa. Afterwards he went to Easter Island, where some remarkable relics of bygone ages are to be seen, and on this voyage visited also various islands in the Ellice and Marshall groups.

On coming back, he settled down to *A Footnote to History*. The material for this was largely supplied by myself, and for the most part the book was written in my house. His affection for the natives of Samoa is well known. To him they were the most lovable people in all the Pacific, and they were deeply

touched by his sympathetic interest in them. It was but natural that in the then unhappy state of affairs he should turn to this work, in an endeavor to do something towards bettering the lot of these dusky inhabitants of the land who had been subjected to so much harsh treatment and so many indignities by foreign Powers. Those were troublous times; and when Stevenson told me that he proposed to put the true facts of the case before the world I gladly consented to supply him with all the information that lay in my power.

I had frequently assisted the natives at times when I believed that their cause was righteous. Not only the Samoans, but some of the foreigners also, had just cause for complaint. I knew that I possessed the confidence of the natives; and the subject becomes pertinent because sometimes Stevenson was associated with me in movements which were far from receiving official approval. In a word, owing to my occupa-

tion and experience I saw more than any other man of what was going on behind the scenes, and since Stevenson's death I have been repeatedly asked to continue the history from the period where he left off, for the later story is far more thrilling than the earlier.

Having completed the story of Samoa, Stevenson arranged to have it published in America, and he was most anxious that it should be done speedily. It was a critical time, and if the book was to be of any assistance to the natives it was very necessary that it should be turned out quickly. Several sets of proofs arrived, and these Stevenson carefully corrected, after which he sent copies to his friend, Mr. R. Hetherington Carruthers, solicitor, of Apia, and to myself, with a request that we should read them over and give him our advice. I am bound to say that I had a number of objections to offer, notwithstanding that certain parts dealing with exploits of mine had previously been

toned down in manuscript. "Stevenson," said I, "you must remember that I have made this place my home, and here it is that I earn my daily bread. What in heaven's name will the authorities do to me if they see all this in print?"

From these proofs, as corrected by Stevenson, I have taken the excerpts that appear on the opposite page. These corrections are in Stevenson's own hand.

lieved. But Tamasese must have both believed and trembled. The prestige of the European powers was still unbroken. No native would then have dreamed of defying the colossal ships, worked by mysterious powers, and laden with outlandish instruments of death. None would have dreamed of resisting those strange but quite unrealised great Powers, understood (with difficulty) to be larger than Tonga and Samoa put together, and known to be prolific of knives, hard biscuit, picture books, and other luxuries, as well as of overbearing men and inconsistent orders. Laupepa had fallen

I am ignorant in their niceties, and live alone where I have none to consult; but this seems to me a poor employment for a ship of war. The guns now loaded had been sold long since to Tarawa, Apaiang, and Pleasant Island; places unheard of by the general reader, where obscure inhabitants paid for these instruments of death in money or in labour, misused them as it was known they would be misused, and had been disarmed by force. And now the *Ebor* had brought back the guns to a German counter, whence many must have been originally sold; and was here engaged, like a shopboy, in their distribution to fresh purchasers. Such is

There was nothing to surprise in this discovery; and had events been guided at the same time with a steady and discreet hand, it might have passed with less observation. But the policy of Becker was felt to be not only reckless but absurd. Sudden nocturnal ontalls upon native boats could lead, it was felt, to no good end whether of peace or war; they could but exasperate; they might prove, in a moment

CHAPTER IV

THE TWO STEVENSONS.

Many a day and many a night did Stevenson spend with me. Time and again, when he felt played out and written out, when inertia or despondency seized him, he would come down to be cheered up. Sometimes he was pretty hopeless—"all done for." But, as a rule, it was nothing more than brain weariness, and he only required a rest to put him right again, a change of atmosphere and surroundings. After a short trip away he always came back benefited. I fancy the women folk were given to coddling him too much at home, and too much of this is good for neither man nor beast.

Though he would come to me full of all

sorts of troubles, he rarely uttered a word of complaint concerning his bodily ailments; indeed, for a man who suffered so much he was one of the most resigned and uncomplaining men I ever met. His fortitude in this respect was one of the distinguishing characteristics of the man. But in other matters he was easily upset, and I have seen him get into a rage over the most trivial thing. I have likewise seen him engrossed in trifling subjects; and I have known him to use his best energies to assist a friend in some small matter in which he had little or no real concern.

When in a rage he was a study. Once excite him, and you had another Stevenson. I have seen him in all moods. I have seen him sitting on my table, dangling his bony legs in the air, chatting away in the calmest manner possible; and I have seen him, becoming suddenly agitated, jump from that table and stalk to and fro across the floor like some wild forest animal, to which he

has, indeed, been already compared. His face would glow and his eyes would flash, darkening, lighting, scintillating, hypnotizing you with their brilliance and the burning fires within. In calm they were eyes of strange beauty, with an expression that is almost beyond the power of pen to describe. "Eyes half alert, half sorrowful," said our common friend, Mr. Carruthers, once, and I have neither read nor heard anything which seems to approach so near the mark. They carried in them a strange mixture of what seemed to be at once the sorrow and joy of life, and there appeared to be a haunting sadness in their very brightness.

Sometimes you would catch him in what was almost a spiritualistic trance, and I really believe there was a good deal of the spiritualistic in his nature. I remember that he used to tell me some remarkably good ghost stories — short tales that would make one's flesh creep — and he declared they were true, or at least he gave them the credit of being

authentic. Certainly he believed them himself, and no jesting remark of mine could shake him in his faith. But I never heard him say that he had seen a ghost. Once he informed me that in certain parts of France the people believed there were spirits, or "spirit animals," which accompanied them in their walks. For instance, some who dwelt in those parts believed that just behind them, or at their side, there trotted along "spirit wolves;" others were attended by "spirit dogs," and so convinced were they of it that they fancied they actually heard the supernatural footfalls, and they would cautiously and fearfully glance behind them, as if expecting to see something tangible and animated.

Stevenson [1] said he could not help sometimes believing these things. He did not know why — he could see no reason for it —

[1] Stevenson contributed some data concerning his own experiences in the field of the abnormal to the Society for Psychical Research. See also his chapter on "Dreams."

but at times the belief seemed to grow on him; and he would remind me that there were "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." On many occasions, he said, he had fancied he heard these same footfalls, as if spirits followed him, and he had looked round sharply, only to see a log across the road or the bushes swaying in the wind.

"But you know," he would say, "my inability to penetrate such mysteries is no proof that they do not exist."

We never discussed the Bible seriously, so far as I recollect. Reverent always, where matters of religion were concerned, Stevenson was not what I regard as a religious man — and this, despite the fact that for a month or two he taught in the Sunday school at Apia. The interest he took in the Sunday school, in my view, was more that of the student of human nature, the psychologist, the writer of stories, than of one who was really concerned for the spiritual welfare of his pupils,

whether whites or half-castes — for the full-blood Samoan children did not come under his purview. Stevenson, though he was more or less a dual personality, was mostly Bohemian; and more than once, to his annoyance, has he been surprised in Bohemia. The Stevenson whom some writers have told us of — the man of morals, the preacher, the maker of prayers — is not the Stevenson I knew. Yet it is true that he moralized and preached in his own peculiar way, and true that he wrote some exquisite prayers. The truth is, there were two Stevensons! And I write of this strange dual personality as I found it, not as revealed through the looking glass of the man's books.

What does he say himself of this Sunday school business? "The Sunday school racket," he writes to his friend Sidney Colvin, "is only an experiment which I took up at the request of the late American land commissioner; I am trying it for a month, and if I do as ill as I believe, and the boys find it

A Samoan maiden in full dress, typical of the belles of Stevenson's time as well as of to-day

only half as tedious as I do, I think it will end in a month. I have carte blanche and say what I like; but does a single soul understand me?" The experiment certainly was of short duration.

Up to the time of his mother's arrival in Samoa I think Stevenson's attendance at church was very casual; but after she came he was a most regular attendant. He frankly told me that he went principally to please her. His mother was, indeed, a great church-goer, which could not be said of his wife, nor Mrs. Strong, his wife's daughter. The family as a whole was not a "religious" family. There was not that odor of sanctity about the Vailima home that many have sought to invest it with; far from it. I believe that during his mother's first period of residence with him, Stevenson used to have prayers at eight o'clock every morning, the whole household being present; and to suit the character of the gathering there was a judicious mixture of the English and the Sa-

moan languages. Gradually, however, the practice was abandoned, being reserved for Sunday evenings only. After this change had taken place, Stevenson wrote in a letter to George Meredith: "We have prayers on Sunday night — I am a perfect pariah in the island not to have them oftener, but the spirit is unwilling and the flesh proud, and I can't go it more." This word "pariah" he also applied to himself on another occasion. He had taken part in a paper chase on the Vailima plantation on a Sunday. "I am now a pariah among the English," he wrote; "I must not go again; it gives so much unnecessary tribulation to poor people."

One night we talked about the mysteries of life and death, of heaven and hell. I said I did not believe in hell at all. "Neither do I," said Stevenson —"not in a lake of fire, anyway, nor in a remorseless, unappeasable God." He certainly had not that blind faith of a little child which some preachers say must precede an entrance into

the realms of bliss. It made him angry to think that there could be some men in these days of enlightenment ready to preach such a doctrine as a hell of fire and brimstone. "How is it," he asked, "that men only believe in God when they are in trouble?"

Stevenson was broad-minded, with a wide catholicity in his nature. He was always on excellent terms with the Marist priests resident in Samoa; he had the highest regard for them, and they for him. Strangely enough, all his best boys in Vailima belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. This was, however, purely accidental. Discussing this church with him on one occasion, he told me that he approved of the elaborate ceremonial. Besides being very impressive in itself, he considered it was altogether right and proper. To his mind, the impressive ceremonial of the Church of Rome was responsible for a feeling of solemnity that was absent in other churches, and its pervading and altogether wholesome influence was felt by many whom

the more somber churches failed to attract. "Penny plain, twopence colored"—and, though he did not turn Catholic he certainly was an admirer of the "twopence colored!"

He drew a comparison between ceremonial and sermons. "What is the use," he asked, "of a man preaching a sermon, however polished, however concise and convincing in itself, unless it is delivered in such a spirit as to move those who hear it? The wisest words and the best sentiments coming from a wooden image are lost forever, and no one benefits. What a waste of time and valuable material it is to educate and prepare amiable and talented young men for the ministry who lack convincing style, and who from the very beginning are devoid of those attributes absolutely essential to fair progress in their chosen calling."

There could be no mistaking his meaning. Wonderful words of wisdom often fall upon deaf ears because the man who utters them stands cold as a statue, and fails to give his

One of Stevenson's servants, his "cowboy." A typical Samoan young man

words that ring of earnestness and sincerity by which alone they will speed to the ears and hearts of his hearers. Himself a man who wrote exquisite sentences, who out of words wove the happiest of phrases, he knew how to appreciate the value of good words. He needed no dictionary by his side, for he appeared to me to have mastered it from cover to cover; it was a rare thing with him to have to search for the meaning of a word.

I have heard it said that in some parts of England there are to be found many people who manage to get through life with a vocabulary not exceeding five hundred words; and it was because he saw this tendency to let many of the best words in our tongue lie rotting in the dictionary, that Stevenson strove to dig them out and preserve them, lest they decay utterly. "What is the use of having all those valuable and expressive words in your dictionary," he said, "if you don't do anything with them?"

He was undoubtedly a great word user,

as well as a master of style, and we need not wonder when we find him saying he had no liking for the average sermon. Perhaps he would have gone to church a little more in Apia had the pulpit utterances been of a higher standard.

CHAPTER V

STEVENSON AT HOME.

Villa Vailima was erected about a hundred yards from the cottage in which the family at first resided, and consisted of some nine rooms, four down stairs and five up stairs. It was none too large, notwithstanding the fact that Joe Strong and his wife took up their abode in the little cottage, for a good deal of entertaining was done, and there were nearly always guests in the house.

As Stevenson's cousin, Mr. Graham Balfour, has pointed out, the chief feature was a large room that occupied the whole of the ground floor — a room about sixty feet long and 40 feet wide, lined and ceiled with varnished red wood from California. "Here," writes Mr. Balfour, who spent many months

at Vailima, and who afterwards wrote the *Life,* "the marble bust of old Robert Stevenson twinkled with approval upon the curiously combined company, while a couple of Burmese gilded idols guarded the two posts of the big staircase leading directly from the room to the upper floor."

Dear me — the fuss there was in getting that house built! "If I have nothing else," said Stevenson, as we sat in my drawing-room one day, "I must have a fine large room like this!" It was a room thirty feet by twenty and about twelve feet high. He must also have just such another wide balcony as mine. As a preliminary step, he employed a local carpenter to plan a house for him, indicating the main essentials. The carpenter made a plan; it was unsatisfactory. Then a number of other carpenters were called in; I was appealed to; Stevenson himself set to work; Mrs. Stevenson took a hand. We all submitted at least one design each; I believe I submitted three. But out of the

The original Vailima cottage, with Stevenson on the balcony, his wife, his mother, and Mrs. Strong below

whole lot not one was without blemish in his eyes. When he went on his visit to Sydney, he was still wrestling with the problem, and when he came back he informed me that he had consulted an architect in that city. He produced a plan. "If I haven't anything else to thank Sydney for," he said, "I've got this plan! It suits me exactly — it's simply wonderful! — you'll be delighted with it!" And he insisted on my going over it with him, line by line, a few hours after his return.

I saw at once that the drawing was done on an exceedingly generous scale. "How about the expense?" I asked; for I knew his means were limited.

"Oh," he said, "I never thought of that. It will have to be gone into, won't it? I wish you'd try to figure it out for me."

I started on it one day, and found it a big job. Various matters delayed me, and Stevenson came down to see me several times about it before I had concluded my calcula-

tions. Ultimately I told him that to build a house on the lines laid down in this plan would cost him something over twenty thousand dollars. For the dining-room was of enormous size, and the other rooms were proportionately large; and this meant that the whole thing was out of proportion to his pocket which did not extend beyond seven thousand five hundred dollars.

So it came about that that famous plan was laid aside, and the local carpenters were called in once more. All of us, in fact, set to work again, and at length a plan was produced which satisfied Stevenson. I believe he drew it himself, with the aid of his wife. I thought it the most ungainly design ever devised. Among other things provision was made for a brick chimney to run up through the house and open on both floors. Now bricks were very scarce and consequently very dear in Samoa at that time — I think they were worth about eight cents each — and as they would have to be transported

from Apia up the rough road to Vailima, three miles away, the cartage on them would be hardly less than the actual cost of the bricks. There was a long and steep hill to be negotiated on the way. In addition to the bricks, the sand and the cement would also have to be hauled up from the beach. I concluded that the chimney itself would cost above one thousand dollars, and I ventured to remark that such a luxury was totally unnecessary in a tropical climate.

"Well," said he, "I don't know that we will ever light a fire, but it's good to know that if you want to light one you have a chimney to carry the smoke away. Moors," he added, "a fireplace makes a house look home-like."

This was his justification for the chimney — and up it went. It was rarely used, except at the beginning — and then it didn't draw! I visited the house often, and not once did I see a fire in that chimney. The whole place, indeed, seemed to me ill-ar-

ranged and inconvenient; but as the Stevensons appeared to be entirely pleased with it, why should I grieve?

The purchasing of the land and material for the house placed Stevenson considerably in my debt. I had also supplied him with the ready money he needed on the occasion of his visit to Sydney. At one time he owed me over twelve thousand dollars. Sometimes it used to worry him, but I never pressed him in any way, simply asking to be reimbursed for the interest I was myself paying at the time. I never had any security from him, and never felt that I needed any; for he was an absolutely upright and honorable man in all his business dealings.

Instead of returning from Sydney when Stevenson returned with the architect's plans, Lloyd Osbourne proceeded to Scotland to settle up the novelist's affairs. To assist him principally in superintending the packing up of certain of Stevenson's furniture and books, a Mr. King was sent along. King

Side view of the original Vailima cottage. Stevenson is seen leaning over the balcony railing. Behind the house are the cook-house and woodshed, and in the background is Mt. Vaea

was a passenger from one of the islands to Sydney, and it transpired that he was contemplating a holiday trip to England. A few days after making his acquaintance, Stevenson asked him if he would assist his stepson in the work I have mentioned. King agreed to do so, and from that moment he was in Stevenson's employ, since the latter started paying him then and there. When Lloyd Osbourne and King came back, they brought with them, in addition to many other things, useful and useless, an ice machine and a machine designed to distil perfume from a certain fragrant tree that was to be found on the Vailima land; also, there came a couple of grape vines all the way from Windsor. These vines had been placed in the lamp room aboard the ship, and when Sydney was reached, I was told, there was scarce a lamp free from the clinging embraces of the tendrils. As for the perfume still, I never heard of its proving of much use.

King was employed at Vailima for some months; according to his own version he left because "the women were too much for any man, and Lloyd Osbourne was full of conceit." On one occasion, he says, he interrupted Stevenson while he was at his writing to complain of "the women;" and the master of the house put his pen down, yawned, sat back in his chair, clasped his hands behind his head, and remarked, "Well, King, you know what women are! You understand their ways!" He paused a moment, then added, "By Jove, no! How can you? Show me the man who does!"

Vailima, as originally built, must have cost about seven thousand four hundred dollars. Adding to this the cost of the land, four thousand dollars, and that of the cottage, one thousand dollars, it will be seen that Stevenson had already spent twelve thousand dollars; and subsequently he put up by contract an addition to the house which must have cost him seven thousand five hundred

dollars more, for the addition was larger than the main building, including as it did, the fine reception hall, in which afterwards many a convivial gathering took place.

The surrounding scenery was, and still is, superb; and Stevenson was enamored of it. Palms of various kinds swayed gently in the breeze; giant cocoanut trees — those "vegetable giraffes," as he somewhere calls them — reared their heads gracefully in the air; the croton and the hybiscus blazed out in their glory. High up above towered Mount Vaea, clothed with tropical verdure; away down below were the long stretch of sea and the white lines of the reef. It was a home of luxuriance.

Dr. Japp, in his book on Stevenson, errs in stating that Stevenson cleared the whole of the four hundred acres comprising the Vailima property; he cleared only fifteen acres, and part of this was done by myself during the time he was in Sydney. On these fifteen acres he farmed and gardened, and

his *Letters* show how the farming life got into his system — so that "if I go out and make a sixpence bossing my laborers and plying the cutlass or spade, idiot conscience applauds me; if I sit in the house and make twenty pounds, idiot conscience wails over my neglect and the day wasted." But he would never have made a fortune — I doubt if he ever would have made a living even — as a farmer, for his schemes were always impracticable ones. Starting to grow cocoa, he wanted to do it in a way that nobody else had ever heard of, and very little grist came to his mill. But I have no doubt his improved health was due to some extent to the out-door life he led at Vailima, as well as the natural advantages of the climate itself. It has been said that he took his ill health cheerfully; that is wrong, it was his good health that he took cheerfully. When he was not feeling well, Stevenson was a man who cheerfully damned the whole universe; but such occasions were rare during his life

in Samoa, and so well did the place agree with him that he used to say that he would start a sanitorium for consumptives — though I do not think he ever seriously contemplated such a thing.

Stevenson rose as a rule at six o'clock, though he was up, often enough, as early as four, writing by lamp light. He wrote at all hours, and at all times. Oftentimes he would come down town on "Jack" and tell me he had got "stuck" in some passage of a story and was out in search of an inspiration. "The orange is squeezed out," he would say. He used generally to wear a little white yachting cap worth about twenty-five cents. As he was very thin and boyish in appearance, the cap suited him. I never saw him in a stiff shirt, or a stand-up collar in my life. Up at Vailima they all went about in their bare feet, except when expecting guests, and generally looked about half dressed. When Stevenson came into Apia he still looked only half dressed. He always

came down with a soft shirt on and generally white flannel trousers, sometimes with a red sash tied round the waist. He was very careless about his personal adornment, just "a man of shirt sleeves;" and his clothes invariably had the appearance of being a misfit, because of his extremely slight frame.

A fine judge of cookery, Stevenson was especially careful about his soups. A native boy named Ta'alolo, who was an especial favorite with Mrs. Strong, was installed as cook to the household. He gave every satisfaction once he had been broken in, and I believe he showed a particular aptitude in the soup line. Ta'alolo was instrumental in securing appointments there for some of his friends, most of them Catholics, and included in the number was Sosimo, to whom some interesting references may be found in the *Vailima Letters*.

Stevenson's library was a long room, containing, I should say, not more than five hun-

A family group, together with the household natives, on the verandah at Vailima, during the visit of the novelist's mother, showing Stevenson, his mother, his wife, Lloyd Osbourne, Mrs. Strong and her son, Austin Strong

dred volumes. I think there were a couple of book cases, but for the most part the books were arranged on plain shelves. I remember that there were many bound volumes of *Longman's, Blackwood's* and other magazines there, many of them no doubt containing contributions from his pen. It must not be forgotten, however, that he never brought his entire library to Samoa. A good many of his books dealt with Scottish history and folk-lore and these he had studied from cover to cover.

He was a great cigarette smoker, as all the world knows. The whole family — I except Stevenson's mother — worshiped at the shrine of "My Lady Nicotine." They used to consume an enormous amount of cigarettes. "Three Castles" and "Capstan" were the favorite brands. (Why do people want to know the favorite brands of a great man's whisky and tobacco?) Being in business in Samoa, I imported at that time what I considered to be some of the best American to-

bacco, but Stevenson did not take so kindly to it as he did to most things American. "Give me Wills'," he said, "he suits me best." He actually used to import a quantity of the tobacco himself, so as to make sure that he did not run out of it. I have heard him wonder that Wills', an English firm, pleased him so much better than American firms who dealt with the tobacco at its home of production.

Next to their consumption of the fragrant weed, the family astonished me by the great quantity of coffee they drank. Here is an interesting little document bearing Mrs. Stevenson's signature:

Dear Mr. Moors,—

Please ask your young men to send me back my coffee tin. I return the packet of coffee which they sent me with the message that they had no Samoan coffee. If you will kindly let me know when to get it, I will not trouble them further; except that I must ask them not to keep Mr. Hay waiting for things until the finish of their flirtations with native ladies. He hasn't the time to spare. He says

there is no use in his trying to get anything unless you are there, which makes it awkward for my food supply. I hope Mr. Bahn will soon be up, for the tanks are not set up yet, and the old one is leaking badly.

Hoping you are not the worse for your good Samaritan tramp,

Believe me yours truly,

F. V. DEG. STEVENSON.

I cannot now recall what particular "Good Samaritan tramp" is referred to, for I made a good many tramps up to Vailima on one matter and another, or rather, I usually rode up. There was no bank in Apia in those days — good gracious! there's none there now — and all Stevenson's financial dealings were done through me. Thus it came about that hundreds of little notes came to me from Stevenson, or his wife, or Lloyd Osbourne, asking me to do all manner of things for them. Usually it was Stevenson who wrote — he very rarely put the date on his letters — and the following is a sample of many such notes I received from him: —

Please give . . . 5 in gold and thirty dollars currency. I am drowned out.

Yours ever,

R. L. STEVENSON.

As the reader may surmise from the expression "drowned out," we had been having very heavy weather, in proof of which I quote another letter: —

My Dear Moors,—

I hope to get down to-day, but the weather does not yet seem bordered up. We had a hell of a time yesterday; I wish the man who invented open eaves had been with us — I would have burned him to see to read by.

Yours ever,

R. L. S.

I sincerely hope that Mrs. Grundy will survive the shock when she reads of her Sunday school teacher having "a hell of a time" at anything; and lest she believe it not I had better follow it up with a reference to "hell's delight!" Why not have the whole letter?

I deny you my hire hand
my wife has been quite sharply
ill: which decided the
Auckland trip effectually in the
negative.

All our and your houses were
out last night; there was
bell's delight, and lanterns
were on the green till a late
hour; the chestnut and
another of yours, are being
cleared, jumped the hedge
into the old place.

Yours ever
R. L. S.

My dear Moors,—

By earliest occasion, a keg of beef.

If Mr. Hay has forgotten let us have the clock we bought, *and the bill;* also the order book — by present messenger.

Please let me have word when the American mail will go out, and I shall perhaps come down this evening myself for the mail coming in.

Please tell . . . the flax had no rope, and that I will see to it that the fraud is not repeated; I had no guess that I was being made a catspaw of.

I dare say you may have heard my wife has been quite sharply ill: which decided the Auckland trip effectually in the negative.

All our and your horses were out last night; there was hell's delight, & lanterns were on the green till a late hour; the chestnut & another of yours, on being bored, *jumped* the hedge into the old place.

Yours ever,

R. L. S.

The words in italics are words underlined by Stevenson himself. His anxiety to get the bill rather amuses me now, as I look back on those days and remember what manner of man he was. "Bills are a nuisance," he used to say; "never mind the items, what is

the total? — let's have that, and get done with it."

In reference to the Auckland trip, which Mrs. Stevenson's illness "decided effectually in the negative," I may explain that Stevenson had arranged to go to Auckland to meet the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, the New Guinea missionary —"a man," he wrote in one of his letters to Sidney Colvin, "that took me fairly by storm for the most attractive, simple, brave and interesting man in the whole Pacific."

Stevenson was a charming host, and it mattered not whether he was receiving Europeans or natives. Everybody felt thoroughly at home at Vailima. There were invariably several dinner parties there when a British or American warship put into port. In him the navy had a great champion, and he used to have a printed list of the warships that had been to Apia fixed up in front of his house, and every succeeding ship that arrived duly had its name printed there. To meet the offi-

A group on the steps leading up to the verandah of Vailima. Directly behind Stevenson and Mrs. Stevenson stands Graham Balfour. To the left of the picture are Mr. Haggard and Mrs. Strong. The musicians are a band from a visiting warship, the British ship *Curacao*, whose captain is seen peering over the shoulder of the woman near the right-hand pillar

cers from these ships a number of friends would be invited to Vailima, for the afternoon and evening. While dinner was being prepared the guests would sit on the wide veranda, smoking and talking, and an "appetizer" would be handed round. Those were happy times. Stevenson the writer, the talker, the charmer, was in his element. He loved to have friends around him. Over the dinner plates he entertained the company with his anecdotes. But he never monopolized the conversation; he was as ready a listener as he was a ready talker. After dinner, music, or more smoking and more talking on the veranda — and coffee par excellence — coffee the sugar in which had first of all been soaked in burnt brandy!

Mr. Sewall, the United States Consul, was a frequent visitor at the house; so, later, was his successor, Mr. Mulligan. Two other great friends were Judge Ide, later Governor of the Philippines, and Mr. Bazett Haggard, the Lands Commissioner, a

brother of Rider Haggard. Mulligan admired Stevenson almost to the point of adoration, and once he let it carry him so far that he actually stole a book which Stevenson had autographed. A few friends had been spending the evening at Vailima and among them was Jack Buckland, the original of Tommy Haddon in *The Wrecker.* He was a passenger on the *Janet Nicoll,* an iron screw steamer of about six hundred tons, on which Stevenson voyaged from Sydney, to the islands, and he was one of the trio to whom *Island Nights' Entertainments* was afterwards dedicated, the other two being Mr. Harry Henderson, part owner of the vessel, and Ben Hird, the supercargo. On the evening in question, Stevenson wrote something in one of his books, I forget which, and presented it to Buckland. The latter returned to Apia in company with Mr. Mulligan and my son-in-law, Mr. I. C. Hetherington. Mulligan took Hetherington into his confidence. "I want that book,"

he said, "and Buckland doesn't know how to appreciate it. He will only be losing it, or throwing it away, so I'm going to steal it to save him from himself. I'll tell you how I'll steal it. We'll go to the Tivoli hotel, where he is staying, and while we are upstairs in his room I want you to ask him to go down and have a drink with you, a thing he won't refuse. I'll excuse myself from going, and will look after the book. The odds are he won't think of it again!"

The plan worked smoothly, and Mulligan got the book. I cannot say whether Buckland missed it or not, but I know that Mulligan stuck to it. I never saw such a man for collecting the autographs of one individual in my life. It was a sort of monomania with him. To him R. L. S. were sacred initials, the words ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON a magic spell. Any scrap of paper he could get hold of bearing either initials or name was planted away in Mulligan's "holy of holies." Let it be recorded

that if Johnson had his Boswell, Stevenson had his Mulligan!

Poor Jack Buckland — happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care Jack Buckland — he met his death in a terribly tragic manner only a few years ago, being blown to atoms by the explosion of a powder magazine on Suwarrow Island. And Ben Hird is dead now, too. Henderson remains. To Buckland his friend Stevenson was just a man, nothing more, and it is possible that he did fail to set a proper value on the book given to him by the "man of letters" who wrote it, just as a certain Samoan chief, Amatua by name, failed to see that a gold pencil case presented to him by the novelist was a thing to be treasured and not sold to Hetherington at a price ridiculously below its value.

As to the upkeep of the establishment at Vailima, I believe it cost Stevenson something like six thousand five hundred dollars a year. Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Strong were not the most economical women in the

Ben Hird, one of the trio to whom *Island Nights' Entertainments* was dedicated. Hird was supercargo on the steamer *Janet Nicoll*, on which Stevenson voyaged from Sydney to the islands. A lonely grave on the island of Funafuti marks his last resting-place

world. The parties they gave were elaborate affairs, and there were plenty of them.

I never heard of Stevenson producing his flageolet on the occasions of his social evenings. My friend Carruthers, who had him for a neighbor, averred positively that he played so dolefully upon the instrument as to be a menace to one's enjoyment of life. He usually performed on it when he got "stuck" in the middle of a chapter and was searching for an inspiration. For myself, I cannot truthfully say that I ever heard him playing it, though once or twice I did surprise him with it in his hands — and he dropped it as if it were something red hot. After all, it is difficult enough for us to amuse ourselves in this world without being called upon to amuse everybody else as well. Stevenson, as I have before remarked, had his shortcomings, and this piping on the flute was one of them. Finally he gave it up, and I'm not sure that it wasn't because Carruthers threatened him with an action at

law. But apart from that, we all grow wiser as we grow older.

On one occasion a friend of his, a noted performer on the flute and piccolo, spent some time as a guest at Vailima, and during his visit Stevenson prevailed upon him to give a concert in the town, in aid of some charity. The attendance, however, was not large, and to my mind the entertainment was not particularly entertaining. Fluting and piccoloing, for a couple of hours at a stretch, even though there be a piano accompaniment, is apt to get on one's nerves, no matter how fine an artist the performer may be. I told Stevenson so, and I think it pained him.

From time to time various interesting paragraphs found their way into the columns of the Samoa *Times* concerning the doings on "the hill," and here is one of them: —

"The private ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson at their residence, Vailima, on Wednesday evening was a most successful one. The weather being

fine, the guests derived great pleasure from their journey to and fro, independent of their entertainment. About forty couples engaged in dancing, which was kept up with great spirit until three o'clock in the morning. The music was exceptionally good, which partly accounts for the late hour mentioned. We have not heard of a single guest who did not enjoy himself or herself, and it therefore must be said that the hospitable entertainers cannot be otherwise than gratified at the result of their ball."

They were a great dancing people, and Lloyd Osbourne no doubt remembers the time when he acted as one of the joint secretaries of the return ball which the Bachelors gave to the ladies of Apia.

CHAPTER VI

SOME OF HIS FRIENDS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

Stevenson's friends were legion. They lived in all parts of the world. Many of them were black, or brown, in color. Wherever he went he made friends; the genial warmth of his nature, his quick sympathy, his bright eye, seemed to draw all men to him.

Of his Samoan friends, he had a great affection for the Rev. W. E. Clarke and his wife; and it was but natural that when the time came for him to lay down his pen Mr. Clarke should perform the last offices. With the missionaries, Protestant and Catholic, he was always on the best of terms, though he never looked upon a missionary as a man

THE SAMOAN REPORTER.

"Attempt great things; expect great things." CAREY.

Up!... Is not the Lord gone out before thee? JUDGES iv. 14.

PUBLISHED HALF-YEARLY. SAMOA, MARCH 1845. NUMBER 1.

THE SAMOAN REPORTER.

TO OUR READERS.

The Mission of the London Missionary Society, at the Navigators Islands, the native name of which groups is Samoa, now numbers 17 families, and one single member. Their labors extend over ten islands, two of which are nearly as large as Tahiti, and contain a population of between 50, and 60,000. Missionary operations were commenced there in 1831, and continued for six years by the location of native evangelists from the Society and Hervey groupes, and by the occasional [illegible]

DIVISION OF LABOUR BY THE PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN POLYNESIA.

It must be obvious to the most ordinary understandings, that it is far better that the American B. F. M. should exclusively occupy the Sandwich Islands, than that one or two other Protestant Societies should establish missions there, the consequence of which would almost necessarily be, that, at some of the stations, two brethren would be doing the work which might be done by one, and that two societies would be paying for that, which the expenditure of the one would cover. Happily there has been none of this waste of strength, none of this "treading on each others heels" in that groupe. While the world is all before" any band of brethren which a society may be able to send forth, it surely can be nothing but party spirit—the spirit which would hazard what pertains to Christ, for the sake of what pertains to a Paul, an Apollos, or a Cephas—that would send such a band to a field already occupied and especially [illegible]

MISSIONARY PRINCIPLES.

In the month of May 1842, a convention was held in New York, of numerous influential ministers and laymen of several evangelical denominations, for the purpose of considering the duty and practicability of *evangelizing the whole world within the period of twenty-five years*. A paper was drawn up, on the subject, which proves, in our opinion, both the duty and practicability of the enterprize: The Rev. Hiram Bingham, one of the senior missionaries of the American Mission at the Sandwich Islands, who was then in the U. S. was the author. It appeared in the 2nd. No. of "*The Ambassador*" and we read it with no ordinary pleasure, but laid it down with the words of Douglass on our tongue—Yes, "all things are ready but the hearts of christians!" However, it was the object of that able article to stir up christians to the discharge of their duty, and not having seen it, or any notice of it, in any British periodical, we subjoin a copy of "*the principles*" [illegible]

Fac-simile of the first number of the *Samoan Reporter*. Stevenson's relations with the missionaries were interesting and varied

who could do no wrong. More than once did he say to me that it would be better if these good people paid less attention to politics and a little more to the heathen; and I must say that some of them seemed to have a mania for dabbling in politics.

"All missions are not equally good," he wrote to Mr. G. A. Sala in 1893, "nor all missionaries either wise or honest. But missions in the South Seas generally are far the most pleasing result of the presence of white men; and those in Samoa are the best I have ever seen." He added that the Bible in Samoa was not only a monument of excellent literature, but "a desirable piece of typography." It was the Rev. J. E. Newell who, at a gathering at Malua, the headquarters of the London Missionary Society in these islands, first introduced him to the natives as Tusitala, and from that time forward Tusitala was his name among the Samoans.

Outside Samoa he had many other mis-

sionary friends, including Dr. Chalmers and Dr. George Brown, two of the finest veterans in missionary work that the Pacific has record of. Chalmers met his death a few years ago in New Guinea, where he had labored for so many years. He was, I believe, killed by the natives while journeying up the Fly River.

"You can't weary me of that fellow," Stevenson wrote of Chalmers; "he is as big as a house, and far bigger than any church, where no man warms his hands." I shall not easily forget the wonderful impression that Chalmers made on him when they first met in Apia. He came to me in an ecstasy. "Moors," said he, "I want you to meet Dr. Chalmers. I'm going to bring him up to see you. He's a first rate fellow for a missionary, and he'll please you. I just had a drink with him at the Tivoli hotel, and he smoked a pipe with me on the veranda!"

Well, he brought him up; and he cer-

tainly did please me. I had never seen or spoken to such a missionary before. Precedent and conventionality flew before him; he just did what he liked to do, and what he thought was good for him, bodily as well as spiritual. I have heard it said that the way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach; and Chalmers was a man who believed in getting at a man's soul through his body. He gave a lecture during his stay in Apia and talked to the local missionaries in that strain, advising them to look after the bodily comfort of their dusky parishioners as well as their spiritual comfort, and incidentally expressing the opinion that they were interfering too much with the natives by trying to make them conform to European ideas. That, he said, would come gradually in the course of years, and it was a mistake to push things to an extreme. Chalmers was, indeed, a man after Stevenson's own heart.

It is interesting also to recall his meeting

with Shirley Baker, the much defamed Dictator of Tonga, a man with a history as full of incident and romance as any book of fiction. Baker spent Christmas Day, 1890, at my house, and it was then that Stevenson met him. Let me quote from the *Vailima Letters:*

"I wish you could have seen our party at table. H. J. Moors at one end with my wife, I at the other with Mrs. M., between us two native women, Carruthers the lawyer, Moors' two shop boys, and the guests of the evening, Shirley Baker, the defamed and much accused man of Tonga, and his son with the artificial joint to his arm — where the assassins shot him in shooting at his father. Baker's appearance is not unlike John Bull on a cartoon; he is highly interesting to speak to, as I had expected; I found he and I had many common interests and were engaged in puzzling over many of the same difficulties. After dinner it was quite

pretty to see our Christmas party, it was so easily pleased and prettily behaved."

I remember that on this occasion my sister recited one of Stevenson's own poems *Christmas at Sea,* and he was delighted. On the same occasion Austin Strong, then a bright boy of thirteen, recited a sentimental piece his mother had taught him. On December 28th Baker was a guest at Vailima, and of this visit Stevenson wrote to Henry James:

"Yesterday we had a visitor — Baker of Tonga. Heard you ever of him? He is a great man here: he is accused of theft, rape, judicial murder, private poisoning, abortion, misappropriation of public monies — oddly enough, not forgery, nor arson: you would be amused if you knew how thick the accusations fly in this South Sea world."

In August, 1892, the Countess of Jersey, wife of the then Governor of New South Wales, visited Apia, together with her

brother, Captain Leigh, and her daughter, Lady Margaret Villiers. They were the guests of Mr. Bazett Haggard, the British land commissioner, who was one of Stevenson's best friends; and warm friendship quickly sprang up between the vice-regal party and the Vailima folk. "We constantly met," Lady Jersey has written in a magazine article dealing with her experiences in Samoa, "either in the abode of our host, Mr. Bazett Haggard, or in Mr. Stevenson's delightful mountain home, and passed many happy hours in riding, walking and conversation."

On August 23d a dinner "faa Samoa" was given by King Malietoa Laupepa to the distinguished visitors, at Mulinuu. But Lady Jersey was not content with seeing the acknowledged King of Samoa — she wanted also to visit Mataafa, the rival claimant to the throne. To do this, great secrecy was necessary, as it would never do for it to become publicly known that the wife of the Gov-

The late Malietoa Laupepa, in Stevenson's time king of Samoa. Deported to Jaluit and Africa by the Germans, he was brought back and installed as king against the wish of the Samoan people, who had chosen Mataafa

ernor of New South Wales had visited the "rebel king;" and accordingly it was as his cousin "Amelia Balfour" that Mr. Stevenson introduced her ladyship to Mataafa, and it was as "Amelia Balfour" that she was presented with the customary bowl of ava. Despite all precautions, however, news of the visit leaked out, and so seriously was it regarded that I believe the British Consul received a severe "rap on the knuckles" from the home authorities for conniving at it.

Stevenson made a number of friends in Sydney, among them Mr. B. R. Wise, K. C., and Dr. Fairfax Ross, for both of whom he always had a high regard. Mr. A. J. Daplyn, a well-known Sydney artist, was another valued friend; and during a brief sojourn in Samoa Mr. Daplyn painted several interesting pictures of Mr. Stevenson at work. I may add that, with Mr. Graham Balfour, Mr. Daplyn witnessed the novelist's last will and testament.

There is another artist with whom I shall deal a little more fully. I refer to Count Nerli, whose portrait of Stevenson, painted in 1892, has been spoken of very highly. It was purchased in New Zealand for a hundred guineas, and is now, I believe, in England. Dr. Japp, who desires that this portrait shall be secured for the city of Edinburgh, has stated in his book that Count Nerli visited Samoa for the express purpose of painting it. This was not so, however, as the following paragraph, taken from the Samoa *Times* of August 27th, 1892, will show:

"By the *Lubeck* last trip there arrived in Samoa Signor Nerli, an Italian artist. It is the intention of this gentleman to reproduce, principally in oils, some of our magnificent scenery, and also to make some portraits of the Samoan natives, which he proposes to exhibit at the Sydney Exhibition. Signor Nerli informs us that he is prepared to undertake private commissions."

This gentleman was talking to a friend in the street one day, when Stevenson passed by. "There goes Mr. Stevenson, the nov-

elist," said the friend; "why don't you paint his portrait?" And there and then the artist introduced himself, with the result that for some time after he was a constant visitor at Vailima; and Stevenson, whilst sitting for his portrait, put his reflections on "Mister Nerli" into verse. The portrait was completed in October, and the local paper gave this account of it:

"The picture is about half life size. We must not only congratulate the artist on the speaking likeness which he has produced, but also Mr. Stevenson himself on obtaining that which he cannot but acknowledge is in every way a faithful picture, and one that all his friends must admit is an exceedingly happy combination of truth in expression and the artistic in execution."

Why Stevenson did not purchase the portrait I cannot say.

There is one other name I must mention among the friends whose acquaintance Stevenson made in the South Seas; I refer to Sir George Grey, whom he met in New Zealand at the time when the question of the

annexation of Samoa was being discussed. Sir George, I have been informed, was largely influenced by the views Stevenson put forth.

CHAPTER VII

THE TALKER

I have never chatted with anyone with so much enjoyment as when I was talking to Stevenson, and my friend Carruthers has confirmed this experience. Why was it? I cannot do better than give Carruthers's explanation, for I think it sums it up concisely and correctly.

"There was a magnetic personality about Stevenson which seemed to draw you to him irresistibly, to place you at once on easy and friendly terms with him, and you could talk to him as you could to no other man. His apparently deep sympathy and entirely confidential attitude was such that you had no hesitation in frankly disclosing all your private concerns, strong in the faith that come

what would, he would never betray your hopes, fears or projects. He had a wonderful knack of drawing conversation out of a man; his aptitude for making questions was really remarkable, and no question from him ever seemed to be impertinent. The light in his eye was that of sympathetic companionship; the interest he showed in you was always the interest of a friend. For myself, I can say truthfully that I never met a man to whom I could talk as well; one seemed to grow positively eloquent when speaking to him."

Who shall explain it further? What was that peculiar attribute in Stevenson that had this strange effect? You spoke to him in your very best manner without restraint and without any apparent effort; ready and appropriate words and phrases came flowing to your aid. Stevenson was a born companion and therein lay the secret. Thoroughly at his own ease, he made you feel quite at home, and at his house a stranger would feel dom-

iciled within a few minutes. He would offer you a cigarette; he would bid you make yourself comfortable in an easy chair. "Will you drink something? — and shall it be a lemon drink, or something stronger?" It was wonderful how quickly he got on familiar terms with a stranger. And then he would draw his stranger out, question by question, until he had his whole history.

Nevertheless, he was not a good public speaker. Shortly after his arrival at Apia he gave a small dinner at the Tivoli hotel in honor of Captain Reid, of the schooner *Equator,* and Paul Leonard, of Marakei, who had been a fellow passenger. Stevenson made a "speech" if one may call it such. He rose to no flights — the occasion, I admit, did not demand it — and there was no poetry in it. I am wrong there, for there was poetry in it. He unfolded a scrap of paper — which he afterwards handed to the worthy captain — and read a few lines of his own composition, which he had written

specially. The poetry was no better than the speech; but we had a jolly time, and all of us, I am afraid — Stevenson not excepted — looked intently on the wine within the glass.

Not long after this he gave a lecture in the town, dealing with his visit to the Marquesas, a small charge being made in aid of some charitable object. It was more a little "talk" than anything else. He appeared in white flannel, and had a few notes to which he seldom referred, for his memory was wonderful. His voice was clear and distinct, but lacked volume. It was again made abundantly clear that he was not an eloquent public speaker; but he was interesting, entertaining, informative.

Somehow, in conversation he seemed a different man, remarkably fluent, never at a loss for word or setting. Sometimes he amused me by getting quite excited over matters of the most trivial moment. Some small event among the natives, some small domes-

tic affair, or some amusing scandal, would crop up, and the whole family would discuss it with animation and become, indeed, theatrical over it. Stevenson would take rapid strides and throw his arms about, as if performing a part, and the excitement would flush his face and paint his eyes bright. These were the occasions when the man was eloquent, but it was the eloquence of the actor, shown in the looks as much as in the words. His face carried absolute conviction; and when he was burning with indignation the fire in his eye showed it more clearly than any words could do. Henley was right; he was a born actor; and it seems strange that his efforts as a dramatist should have proved a dismal failure.

While he was staying at my house, we exchanged endless yarns, generally in the evenings, as we sat in our pajamas on the balcony. Some of his phrases were inimitable, many of them quaint. Once he told of "a fellow who would stay long enough to

take soup with the devil, and then leave the table before the other courses came on." When anything good came his way, he used to tell, it was "better than a dig in the eye with a sharp stick."

He often spoke of his parents, always in a loving way; and he told me of the difference that had arisen between himself and his father as to his vocation in life. He was wonderfully proud of the achievements of his ancestors in the way of light-house building, and would never tire telling you about them. Likewise, he was well aware that he had done his share towards upholding the honor of the family.

We were discussing the career of Napoleon, and more particularly the battle of Waterloo, one day, when he told me that he had been over the field and had carefully inspected it. He had spent many days in the vicinity, studying the preliminary engagements and manœuvers, with a view to writing a description of the battle from his own

standpoint. He was an authority on Waterloo, and I enjoyed listening to him on the subject. As Henry James says, "If things had gone differently with him he might have been an historian of great campaigns — a great painter of battle pieces."

And just here I am reminded of an experience we had with a Napoleonic Consul in Apia, Colonel de Coetlogon. One Sunday morning, while Stevenson and myself, barefoot and in pajamas, were discussing the various local celebrities, my friend suddenly jumped up and announced that he had neglected a bounden duty. Here he had been in Apia for some considerable time and had not yet called on Her Brittanic Majesty's representative! Every Britisher of mark should attend to such a duty at the earliest possible moment! I must introduce him without one moment's further delay! "Come along, Moors," said he, "let's get it off our mind!"

I informed him that Colonel de Coetlogon

was himself a new man in the place — he had been in Apia but a little while — and I had not yet met him. People who had met him had mostly declared him to be an exclusive, crusty old fellow, full of pomposity. I was therefore very loth to go until the new arrival had simmered down somewhat. It was rumored that he had been for years governor of some great jail in Britain, and people remarked that he treated many of his callers as ticket-of-leave men who had come in to report themselves.

But Stevenson, feeling very sure of his powers to charm this Gorgon, would take no warning, but shouted gaily, "Come on, Moors! I'll attend to his case — he'll welcome us all right." I pointed out his attire and his lack of shoes; and, with a sigh, he compromised so far as to put on a clean shirt and a pair of trousers and shoes, but my best efforts would not induce him to wear a coat. In the rig he wore, and under his little yacht-

ing cap, he positively looked no more than twenty or twenty-five years of age. He bubbled with enthusiasm over everything new and strange that came within his view as we passed along the road to Matautu, where de Coetlogon lived. From the beginning I doubted if we would receive anything like an effusive welcome, and I took care to impart my fears to my friend; but he only laughed. Particularly did I point out that this was Sunday, and that we should choose another day for our visit. He still laughed.

With pride and joy he threw open the consular gate and strode manfully across the lawn, I following close behind. A tall, soldierly person, with white mustachios and close cropped hair, was sitting peacefully on the veranda. He made no attempt to rise and welcome us; a whiskey and soda had just then his rapt attention. We ascended the steps; the statue in the chair merely regarded

us; we might as well have been a couple of distressed prisoners coming to pray for some amelioration.

Stevenson would have embraced this cold representative of his country's greatness, but the chill restrained him. "Good morning, sir."

A grunt. "Well, what do you want?"

"My name is Stevenson. I am well known in Britain by my works — in fact, I am a novelist. This is Mr. Moors."

"Well, what do you want?"

No friendly hand was stretched out to greet us; we noted a face as hard as stone, as uncompromising and as unsympathetic as a brick wall. Stevenson stood there as one petrified; I was quite appalled. My friend had not counted on such a start; there was no seam or crevice in which he might momentarily locate to reconnoiter before he should attack again. The consul's brow was sad to look upon; he had not even risen civilly to hear us.

"We have come, sir, to pay our respects."

"If you have business and desire to see me, I will listen to you on week days and in my office at the proper time. Good morning."

Stevenson quite lost the power of speech, and looked appealingly at me. I cannot remember exactly what I said, but I know that I endeavored to depict to the consul the worth and honesty of my companion.

In return came this: "I don't care who you are — either of you! If you have any business at this consulate, come and state it at the proper time."

Without more than a profound bow, Stevenson turned and made his way out into the road again, I having preceded him. "By heavens, Moors, you were right! What a beast! What a damned — well, I suppose he has a right to choose his own Sunday morning company. I had thought that I was one of the foremost men of letters of the day, but this fellow differs. What a sit-

uation for a man of my supposed eminence to find himself in! People will differ in their opinions, won't they?" And he burst out into a merry laugh.

Though this was doubtless a bitter pill for Stevenson to swallow, a sad knock to his vanity — which once in a while unconsciously showed out — I do not think he ever bore the man a grudge, though I doubt if he ever called again at the British consulate while de Coetlogon remained there. Mr. Graham Balfour says that Stevenson became very friendly with this gentleman, but I think this must be a mistake, for I never heard of any person in Apia becoming friendly with him. The extreme ridiculousness of the whole affair was, when we thought of it afterwards, most refreshing to us; and it was a treat to hear Stevenson recounting in his own inimitable way how for once his suave and insinuating manner had failed.

CHAPTER VIII

BOOKS AND COLLABORATION

Stevenson told me that when he set about writing a story he had to do it as a carpenter sets about a building. First of all, he would map out a plan, with a sketch of the plot and main incidents, and lay out the chapters. Then, when he was satisfied that he had made a solid foundation, he would proceed with the superstructure. Such side issues as suggested themselves he would develop as he went on. He would often depart from his original plans; the unfolding of the various incidents would quite spontaneously lead up to new and unexpected situations. No man, he said, could faithfully adhere to his original intentions in the writing of a work of fiction. As for himself, new ideas would

keep crowding on him as he wrote, and new developments would spring up as it were of their own accord, so that sometimes it seemed that instead of being the real author of the story he was but the puppet of some unseen force at his elbow, some microbe in his brain.

It was his usual practice to keep two or three books going at the same time, so when he got tired of working on one he found it something in the nature of a relaxation to turn to another. Often have I heard him wonder whether any of his books would live. "I think *Kidnapped* will, anyway," he said. He seemed very anxious to leave something permanent on the scroll of literature; and I know that at that time he believed *Kidnapped* to be the best book he had written, though I have since heard that he regarded *Weir of Hermiston* as his finest effort. It is a thousand pities that he did not live to complete that work. I can, however, only speak of what he told me. "I think," said he, "that if I had written nothing more than

Kidnapped and *Thrawn Janet,* I would be worthy of a place among men of letters."

To some it may seem surprising that Stevenson did not think very highly of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* that "strange case" which made him famous. And, yet Dr. Japp says that the fault of that story is that "we seem to hear Stevenson chuckling to himself, 'Ah, now won't they all say at last how clever I am!'" To be sure, he felt greatly indebted to it for having brought him fame, but he was unable to understand why. Within a week's time he was regretting having published the book at a shilling a copy: it is unnecessary to state what the feelings of the publisher were. Within a fortnight the sales in England were enormous; and when the book was pirated in the United States the printing press for a time was hardly able to keep up with the demand. Not a penny reached him on account of it from the States; but it made his reputation there, and that spelt money. It was, indeed, from the States that

in the future he drew most of his money. He had come there to stay; the public wanted as much as and more than it could get from this man.

Public opinion was to Stevenson a thing to conjure with. He could not understand why it should bow down before a god he did not worship, or why it refused to estimate his idols at the value he himself placed upon them. He was peculiarly sensitive to this same Public Opinion. Until such time as a new book of his was published and he knew how it had been received by the public, he was in just that condition of "divine unrest" from which, he has told us, spring alike highest achievement and miserable failure. A flattering notice was a bracing tonic; a bad one he almost wept over, and though he often assured me that he was most patient under fair criticism, I have heard him argue stoutly against the opinions of his reviewers — though he was never acrimonious.

On one occasion he came to me, flourishing

a paper wildly in the air. "Moors," he exclaimed, "here is news for you, and the best of news for me!"

I thought he had suddenly inherited a fortune, or that something of an extreme value had fallen in his way. "What in heaven's name is it?" I asked.

"This, my friend. For years a certain critic has practically damned my works — said there was nothing really in them — and now this person, whose ability I have always admired despite the fact that I have suffered, has declared: 'Stevenson has at last produced one of the best books of the season, and the claim of his friends seems fully justified, for this work is full of genius.'" His face was all aglow with feverish excitement.

"Who is this wonderful critic, Stevenson, whose praise you so enjoy? And what bitter things has he said of you before?"

"We will drop the severe things, Moors. You would never guess, if I gave you all the morning, who it is who has at last admitted

me to be in the front rank of my profession. It is Mrs. Oliphant, my dear sir — Mrs. Oliphant!"

I think it was a review of *The Master of Ballantrae* that he referred to.

With Mr. Carruthers I shared the privilege of being allowed to peruse some of Stevenson's work in the typewritten manuscript before it was sent on to his publishers. Oftentimes we sat on rocking chairs on my balcony, or lolled lazily on the native mats, discussing some story he was writing. Particularly well do I remember discussing the storm scene in *The Wrecker* written in collaboration with Lloyd Osbourne. The latter, I believe, has claimed the credit of doing the scene — that wild trip to the island — to my mind the most valuable chapter in the book. However that may be, I know that Stevenson went over the whole thing very carefully with me, and we discussed every detail from beginning to end. He himself had a good knowledge of conditions

at sea, in calm or storm; and, speaking as one who has been shipwrecked four times, perhaps I may claim to know something of the subject. He told me he was working a storm scene into a story and later on he would ask me to look over it carefully, as he was anxious to have the attendant events in their proper sequence. It may have been that he merely wanted to revise what Lloyd Osbourne had written, though he certainly never said so. The manuscript of *The Wrecker* was sent to me, and after reading it I passed it on to Mr. Carruthers.

The story as a whole impressed me as disappointing and unconvincing; it did not seem likely that it would enhance his reputation and I so informed him. I suggested the rewriting of what seemed to me many weak passages. He made some excuse for not carrying out my suggestion. I will say this, however, that he liked to get a new book off his hands as soon as possible, and he hated to discover any flaw that would necessitate

rewriting. When a man has written and rewritten a story three or four times, as had probably been done in this case, he is naturally disinclined to go all over it again — and there were limits even to the patience of the careful and painstaking Stevenson!

As a rule, he appeared to value the criticisms he obtained from Carruthers and myself, but I candidly admit that I do not remember that he ever made any material alterations to please either of us. As for Carruthers's opinion of *The Wrecker,* he pronounced the opening chapters coarse and the whole book below Stevenson's standard. I have said I was disappointed with *The Wrecker.* I was still more disappointed with *The Wrong Box.* Stevenson saw the book lying on a table in my drawing-room one day. "Hullo! *The Wrong Box?*" he remarked.

"Yes," I said, expressing myself no further.

In a little while he picked it up again, as

if he had forgotten having done so before. "I see you have *The Wrong Box* here," he said.

"Yes," I said again, sincerely hoping that he would not ask my opinion of it. He did not — then; but later on he asked me point blank how I liked it. My answer disappointed him — not so much, he said, on his account as on that of Lloyd Osbourne.

It was with something of defiance in his face that he came to me afterwards with a newspaper containing a "good notice" of the book, about the only one I ever saw. "I'm glad, Moors," he said, "for Lloyd's sake. It's Lloyd's book, you know."

Then there was *The Dynamiter,* written in conjunction with his wife. In some parts there was really brilliant work, according to my lights; in other parts it was very weak, both in plot construction and writing. Stevenson admitted that the story was far from what it ought to have been, but he did not throw any blame on his wife, though I

had no doubt she was responsible for the milk and water passages. I confess that I was unable to understand how it was that a man with his reputation to keep up could allow those weak passages to pass through his hands without any apparent attempt to strengthen or recast them; but afterwards, when I knew the whole family better, I understood. We were discussing the book, when Mrs. Stevenson herself appeared on the scene; and I am sadly afraid that the lady overheard some of the uncharitable remarks I had been making, for at this time they were staying at my house. At all events, she lectured me for exciting her husband, and insisted on his going to bed forthwith.

Once he asked me how I liked *Treasure Island,* and I told him I considered it a splendid story, though I did not think the conclusion was of the same high standard as the rest of the book. "Moors," he said, "if you knew how hard-up I was at that time and how I had to hurry to finish the story,

you would excuse those last chapters. I agree with you, and many of my friends take the same view."

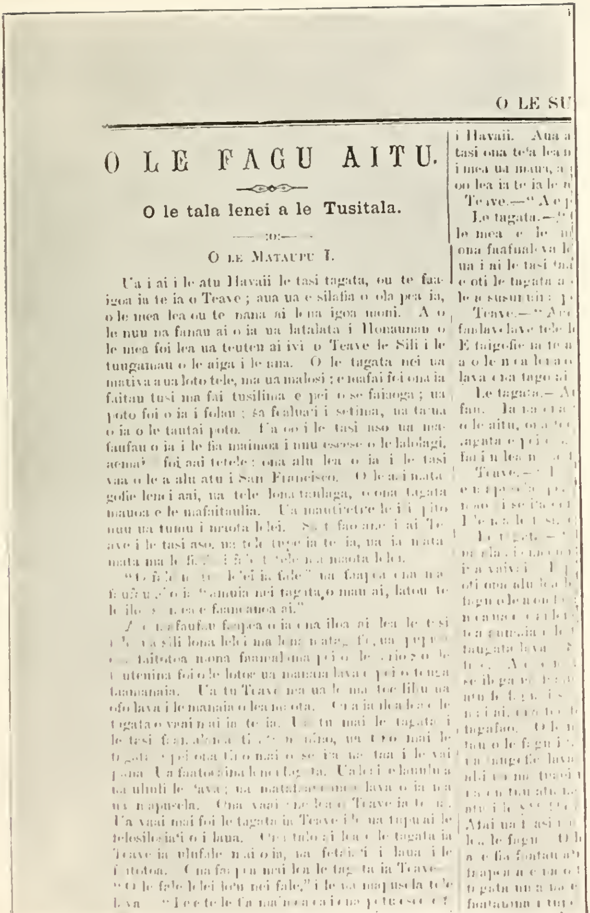
The Bottle Imp had the unique distinction of being read by the Samoan before it was printed in English. It began publication in the *O le Sulu O Samoa,* under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, in May, 1891. This little paper, printed in Samoan, was edited, and is still edited, by the Rev. J. E. Newell,— whom I have already mentioned — at Malua, some twelve miles from Apia. At this place there is a training school for native teachers, in connection with the L. M. S. The paper had a circulation of eleven hundred, and the story no doubt penetrated into most Samoan homes. Still, in Mr. Newell's own words, "it caused no great sensation — not nearly the sensation that the present publication of the *Arabian Nights* is causing, but a great many used to ask if it were true, for in some respects it is similar to certain Polynesian

fables, all of which the islanders believe to be founded on fact."

It was at my house that Mr. Newell first met Stevenson, and there it was that the novelist stated that he had written, or that he proposed to write, this story for the natives. "How would you like to publish it in your paper?" he asked of the missionary.

"I should be delighted, if it is suitable, and provided it lends itself to translation."

Whereupon Stevenson unfolded the story. It was a treat. I doubt if he was surpassed by Dickens in the success with which he could tell a story by word of mouth as well as by his pen. Speaking of the incident recently, Mr. Newell remarked, "I never had such an entertaining hour in all my life." When the manuscript was afterwards handed to him he found that the work of translation was an easy task; and in the April number of the *Sulu,* in the year mentioned, it was announced that in the next issue a story by "Tusitala O Seteveni" (the writer of tales, Mr. Steven-



O LE SU[illegible]

O LE FAGU AITU.

O le tala lenei a le Tusitala.

:o:

O le Mataupu I.

Ua i ai i le atu Havaii le tasi tagata, ou te faaigoa ia te ia o Teave; aua ua e silafia o ola pea ia, o le mea lea ou te nana ai lona igoa moni. A o le nuu na fanau ai o ia ua latalata i Honaunau o le mea foi lea ua teuteu ai ivi o Teave le Sili i le tuugamau o le aiga i le ana. O le tagata nei ua mativa a ua loto tele, ma ua malosi; e mafai foi ona ia faitau tusi ma fai tusilima e pei o se faiaoga; ua poto foi o ia i folau; sa feoluaʻi i setima, ua tauna o ia o le tautai poto. Ua oo i le tasi aso ua manaʻo o ia i le fia maimoa i nuu ese ese o le lalolagi, aemaise foi aai tetele; ona alu lea o ia i le tasi vaa o le a alu atu i San Francisco. [illegible]

[illegible]

The beginning of the first chapter of *The Bottle Imp*, reproduced from the Samoan mission paper, *O le Sulu*, printed in the native language

son) would appear, and that it would extend over a period of six months. In all, there were seven chapters.

Of that number of the *Sulu* in which *The Bottle Imp* opened there is only one copy extant, and that is in Mr. Newell's possession; but through the courtesy of this gentleman I am able to give a reproduction in facsimile of the beginning of the story as it appeared in that paper.

Stevenson was once commissioned to write a life of Burns, for the Encyclopædia Brittanica, I believe. He told me that he had written it as veraciously, and at the same time as moderately, as he could, but the publishers evidently thought it contained some things that were better left unsaid, since they informed him that it was "too severe." Somebody else then wrote the "Life;" but Stevenson was handsomely remunerated for his trouble "and the day wasted." I wonder where that manuscript is; there are many thousands who would be glad to know what

Scotland's most famous latter-day novelist thought of Scotland's national poet. It seems to me that this "Life," written by Stevenson, deserves to be preserved as an important contribution to the literature dealing with Burns. I am satisfied that his strictures were honest ones, and that the effort was a painstaking one.

Sick or well, Stevenson was a great worker. He wrote at all hours; he wrote in all places; and it was a favorite attitude of his to sit on the floor and write with the paper on his knees. He was an indefatigable worker. Somewhere he writes in defense of the idler, yet he was no idler. His writings are full of preachings that he never practiced. We can all of us tell our fellows how to get the best out of life, but by the time we take the lesson to heart ourselves we have grown old and "the orange is squeezed dry." It was so with Stevenson. He was always looking forward to the time when he would be able

to " take life easier; " and when it came, poor fellow, they carried him to his long resting place upon Mt. Vaea!

CHAPTER IX

TUSITALA AND THE NATIVES

Stevenson's interest in the natives of Samoa, and his efforts to promote their welfare, are well known. Not only did he write his *Footnote to History* and those letters to the *Times* which made him "yawn to reread," all pleas for more considerate treatment of the natives, but he left no stone unturned to make himself thoroughly familiar with their manners and customs and their history, ancient and modern. Shortly after his arrival, after having decided to settle in the country permanently, he set about learning the Samoan language and in a comparatively short time was able to speak it tolerably well, though he never learned to speak it fluently. He was destined, in days that were to follow,

A Samoan fishing canoe

to play an important part in Samoan affairs, and he figured prominently, and always honorably, in a number of exciting incidents. Subsequent events have absolutely justified his trenchant and manly conclusions set down in both the *Footnote* and the *Times*.

Not long after he settled at Vailima, Stevenson developed a special interest in the half-castes. He told me one day that it would be a good thing if they were taken in hand and brought together in some social way so that they might meet each other as "ladies and gentlemen." The next thing I knew was that he had formed a "club," the members of which were to meet weekly at Vailima. I smiled when he told me about it. "Some more of your enthusiastic nonsense," I declared.

However, I watched the experiment with interest. The members of the club were received by the whole household in the best room, and among other things were taught to dance in approved English style. It was

impressed upon them that they were to dress as neatly as they could; and every meeting night their appearance and deportment were criticized by Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Strong. The latter had only arrived a short time before this, together with her husband, my friend Joe Strong, and Mrs. Stevenson, the novelist's mother. At times the ladies from Vailima would put in an hour or two at Motootua, instructing their native friends in various arts and sciences, it being from this village that most of the club members had come. The experiment was not a success, and it was not long before the bottom fell out of it. The attendance gradually declined and finally the club was disbanded. I was afterwards informed that the half-castes had taken umbrage at the fact that the Stevensons' native cook was made a member of the club.

Stevenson had his recreations. In front of his home he had a lawn tennis court and croquet lawn laid out. At times he danced;

Uo, a native chief, one of Stevenson's friends

and on one occasion, as his cousin Graham Balfour has pointed out in his *Life,* he found himself vis-a-vis with Chief Justice Cedarkrantz in a square dance at a ball in Apia, "at a time when either was eagerly compassing the removal of the other from the island." Of this interesting meeting Stevenson wrote: "We exchanged a glance and then a grin; the man took me in his confidence; and through the remainder of that prance, we pranced for each other."

Truly enough, in those days the Apia balls were fearful and wonderful things in which all sorts of strange and incongruous elements were mixed; and for the time people forgot their animosities and hatreds, and met their bitterest enemies as if they were life-long friends. Once outside the ball-room, however, they resumed their normal conditions of life and went along the uneven tenor of their way.

But I think the recreation in which Stevenson took most delight was mounting on

"Jack's" back and riding to the various native villages along the beautiful coast. Though very fond of riding, he was not what one would call a daring rider. A gallop was too exhilarating a pastime for him. He would just jog along slowly, taking in the grandeur of the scenery as he went. If he looked upon life as "an affair of cavalry," he certainly held the conviction that galloping was a wicked shame—"for," said he, "what's the use of having eyes if we can't see the world we pass through?"

He was passionately fond of "Jack;" in Mr. Balfour's words, "he reigned alone in Stevenson's affection, and never having been mounted since, is passing a peaceful old age in a friend's paddock in Upolu." The pony was familiarly known as "ten pounder Jack." Originally I had taken him for a ten pound bet I had won; then I sold him for ten pounds, and bought him back for ten pounds; and finally I sold him to Stevenson for ten pounds. I have no doubt the large amount of exer-

Stevenson, with his friend Tuimalealiifagu, a native chief

cise he took on "Jack" did him a world of good. At times he surprised himself by his long rides, to say nothing of the astonishment of his friends.

"Twenty miles ride, sixteen fences taken, ten of the miles in a drenching rain, seven of them fasting and in the morning chill, and six stricken hours political discussions by an interpreter; to say nothing of sleeping in a native house, at which many of our excellent literati would look askance of itself." This was his summarized account of a visit to Mataafa, "the rebel king," at Malie. And the interpreter who accompanied him was none other than Charlie (Sale) Taylor, the "sesquipedalian young half-caste" who gave Stevenson his lessons in Samoan. As to Mataafa, he calls him a "beautiful, sweet old fellow;" and in a letter written to Mr. Colvin the day after we read: "I had a messenger from him to-day with a flannel undershirt which I had left behind, like a jibbering idiot."

On the occasion of a "malaga," or journey, to a native town, he usually took Lloyd Osbourne with him, and the latter was invariably equipped with a camera. Being a "big chief," Stevenson, or Tusitala, as the natives called him, always entertained on an elaborate scale, and many a satisfying feast and gorgeous "Siva" (native dance) were given in his honor. The island stories and legends were always full of charm for him, and he spent many hours listening to the recital of them.

Instead of scribes, the Samoans had their memorizers. These men had learned the legends by heart, legends and history, and in due time taught them to their successors; in this way they were handed down from generation to generation. Though much has now been committed to paper, and the honorable calling of the keepers of the legends is fast dying out, there still remain many interesting fragments of folk-lore and history locked up in the breasts of these legend keepers. So

Ale (pronounced *Allie*), a native warrior, one of Stevenson's friends

far nothing has been done to collect the poetry of these people, or, I should rather say, to make it known in other countries; but this will be done shortly. I believe it was Stevenson's intention to have the poetry of Samoa collected and translated, so that he might render it into English verse; but unfortunately he did not live to carry out the work. An effort is now being made, however, to do this; it has been taken in hand by an Auckland journalist, Mr. W. Farmer Whyte, and it is not without interest to state that in the work of translation he is receiving the valuable assistance of Robert Louis Stevenson's old interpreter, Sale Taylor. The Samoans are nothing if not a poetic race; there is rare beauty in some of their songs, in both conception and execution; and any attempt to present them in English form will naturally be watched with a great deal of interest.

When I returned from the Chicago Exposition, Stevenson came to me with a doleful tale of the sufferings and indignities heaped

upon the prisoners of war who were confined in jail. Food was scarce, all over Samoa, owing chiefly to the carelessness of the natives, combined with their warlike operations. These prisoners were all friends of ours. The useless and improvident "Government," which had gained the day by being able to enlist the support of some foreign men-of-war, had now neither food, funds, nor energy for their own purposes, nor supplies for those whom they detained. In this state of things the prisoners were told that their own people, who lived at some considerable distance from Apia, would have to provide them with food; otherwise they might starve. They were confined within an enclosure on Mulinuu Point, under the care of a kind-hearted old Austrian, Baron von Wurmbrand. The good jailer, who at this time thought he could see some sort of future for the rickety Government which the Powers were backing up so handsomely, had already used fully half of his own meager and irregularly paid salary,

Vao, a Samoan girl of eighteen, the daughter of Seumanutafa, a great friend of Stevenson's. All of the Samoans have straight black hair, naturally luxuriant, but Vao's hair has been cut short in accordance with native ideas of beauty. She is dressed for her bridal feast, her garments entirely of native manufacture, of bark cloth and fine mats

in his efforts to feed his prisoners, when in his extremity he appealed to Stevenson. The latter had responded manfully, as I soon ascertained.

I was astonished at what I heard and hastened to visit Mulinuu and call on the kindly Baron. I had no difficulty in obtaining his permission to see the prisoners, and when I left the place a dozen of the inmates were released on parole to accompany me to my store and load themselves with supplies of rice, flour, biscuits and beef. The immediate sequel would hardly be looked for in more civilized countries. Our lately dejected prisoners gave a feast and invited some of their captors to partake of these new bounties.

Stevenson showed much interest in an effort of mine to introduce the cultivation of cacao among the natives. It arose out of a conversation we had one day, in the course of which he remarked how tiresome the life of a native must be, with no books to read,

no literature save Bible stories and religious anecdote, and little in the way of useful work to engage their attention. I agreed that idleness was at the bottom of most of the political troubles which constantly wrecked the islands, the people having little else to think about but war and strife.

"Why don't you write something interesting from time to time and have it circulated among the Samoans?" asked Stevenson.

It was then that the idea occurred to me. "If this cacao-growing business were described to the Samoans," I said, "I believe they would take an interest in it; and, besides the pleasure of watching these new crops mature, it would give them more money to spend, and would be a good thing for the stores and the town generally."

Yielding to my friend's desire I wrote a little pamphlet of about twenty pages, partly historical and partly instructive. In it I dealt at length with cacao planting and other attainable industries, urging the natives to

Some of the turtles killed for Vao's wedding feast

take some of them up. The cost of translating and printing ran into something like twenty pounds, and Stevenson contributed five pounds towards the expense. Copies of the pamphlet were distributed gratis all over Samoa, with the result that the natives entered into the cacao growing idea with enthusiasm. Unfortunately, their efforts were sadly counteracted by the fact that there were then only a few cacao trees in the country that were bearing, and these were owned by the German firm. The manager of this concern, instead of showing a liberal mind and a desire for the welfare and advancement of the natives, which incidentally would have benefited his own company, saw only in this monopoly a means of making money. He made me pay about forty times its value for the cacao he supplied for the distribution among the Samoans. Seed-pods which were actually worth three-quarters of a cent I had to procure from him at the rate of twenty-five cents. However, I bought a considerable quantity

of them and resold them to the natives at the same price as I had paid; but more or less went bad on my hands, and I was a considerable loser in the experiment. Though Stevenson generously offered to share the loss I had incurred, I never rendered him any account.

Thus cacao was introduced into almost every district, and I believe our efforts would have been eminently successful if it had not been for a severe drought which occurred soon afterwards and destroyed most of the young plants. As it is, the natives still grow a small amount of cacao. It is now being cultivated largely by the white residents, who find it very profitable, an excellent quality being obtained. Stevenson himself had a number of trees planted at Vailima, but they never came to much good there. I think they languished for want of proper care and attention, for Mr. Carruthers, whose property adjoined Vailima, had very good success with his plantation. If further proof were needed

Cacao tree in bearing. Under Joe Strong's guidance Stevenson planted many thousands of these under the high forest trees back of his house. No one in Samoa had ever before undertaken this kind of culture. The experiment at the time was not a success

that the fault did not rest with the soil, I might add that I am growing it with the best of success on my own Papaloloa property hard by. But Stevenson, though he farmed, was no farmer; and as for Joe Strong, who for some time held the position of Overseer-in-Ordinary to the Vailima King — well, he might have made a very good landscape-gardener, but he was too esthetic for cacao growing. And Lloyd Osbourne, who was a sort of general manager of the place, just liked to sit down and "watch things grow;" and if they didn't grow, they didn't.

CHAPTER XI

PEACE OR WAR?

"War is a huge *entraînment*," wrote Stevenson. "Politics is a vile and bungling business. I used to think meanly of the plumber; but he shines beside the politician!"

And he knew what war was — even as it was in Samoa, with the taking of heads; and he could not keep his hands out of that vile and bungling business called politics.

"The family," writes Mr. Colvin, "had taken a trip to Sydney in February, 1893, after influenza, returning with health unimproved, and in April Mrs. Stevenson's health caused her husband grave anxiety. In August he had the chagrin of witnessing the outbreak of war in the island which he had

vainly striven to prevent, and the defeat and banishment of Mataafa."

On July 1, 1893, a "Queen's Regulation," framed by Sir John Thurston, High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, "for the maintenance of peace and good order in Samoa," came into force; and Stevenson believed that this Regulation was aimed at him. The three principal clauses ran as follows:

1. Any British subject who shall be guilty of sedition towards the Government of Samoa shall be liable on conviction to a fine not exceeding ten pounds, or to imprisonment without hard labor for not more than three months, with or without a fine not exceeding ten pounds.

2. The expression "Government of Samoa" shall mean the Government recognized as such in Samoa by the principal British Consular officer for the time being in Samoa.

3. The expression "sedition towards the Government of Samoa" shall embrace all practices, whether by word, deed, or writing, having for their object to bring about in Samoa public disturbances or civil war, and generally to promote public disorder in the country.

While proceeding to Sydney on the trip referred to by Mr. Colvin, a reporter from the *New Zealand Herald* interviewed Mr. Stevenson. Life to a British resident in Samoa, he said, would soon cease to be worth living if certain officials there were to continue the rule. Producing the Regulation in question, he added that he would like to have the greatest possible publicity given to it. "If those are to be laws of Great Britain," he continued, "the Lord deliver us; and I have reasons more than one for believing that this Regulation was mainly directed against me. The Deputy Commissioner sent me a copy, and my whole anxiety is to make it public. The document is a historical curiosity, and is one of the most extraordinary regulations in the form of British law which this century has produced. The definition of sedition is unique in its way. It is seditious to say a word likely to tend to bring about discontent or dissatisfaction with the existing state of affairs. . . . Sir John Thurston must

have been misinformed as to the need for such an arrangement. What Samoa really wants is to get rid of the leading white officials; that is, the Chief Justice and the President of the Council."

In answer to a question as to whether he was likely to leave Samoa, Mr. Stevenson said: "Certainly not — that is, unless I am deported. That Regulation smells of martial law; but there is no sign of war in the islands, though there has been an attempt to get up martial law over a little clan quarrel in which no one took any interest."

Particulars of this interview were cabled to London, and on April 7th a London cable bearing on the subject was published in the Australian papers. Sir John Thurston was at that time in Sydney, and he was interviewed by a representative of the *Daily Telegraph*. "This cablegram," said Sir John, "may have some connection with the impression conceived by Mr. Stevenson that the Regulation had a reference to him; but I do not know him and

he was not in my mind when that Regulation was drawn. It was drawn upon certain facts placed before me, and which I could not ignore. . . . It is just conceivable that the sensitiveness of Mr. Stevenson on this point may be due to the prickings of conscience. . . . It is natural if (which, however, is not suggested) Mr. Stevenson has been directly or indirectly inciting the Chief Mataafa to resist the authority of the recognized King of Samoa, or has directly or indirectly incited any of the native population or others to resist the payment of their taxes, or to resist the operation of any other law, that he may view the Regulation with extreme disfavor, and particularly that he may regard the interpretation of the word 'sedition' as far too comprehensive. . . . The state of things in Samoa in the past has been deplorable, and even now, notwithstanding the efforts of the three Powers having treaty relations with the unfortunate little group, peace and good order may be described as

still unattainable, owing to the unceasing interference and meddlesomeness of irresponsible persons."

The London cablegram was as follows: "Mr. R. L. Stevenson, novelist, in a letter to the *Times,* complains that Sir John Thurston, Governor of the Western Pacific, occasionally issues ordinances of a barbarous nature." This was followed a few days later with another cable: "In the House of Commons, Mr. Sydney C. Buxton, Political Secretary of the Colonial Office, was urged to disclose the terms of the directions he had issued to Sir John Thurston to modify his opposition to Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Buxton declined to furnish the details, though he said instructions had been issued to the High Commissioner to greatly modify his opposition to Mr. Stevenson."

It was known that Stevenson was in the habit of visiting Mataafa at Malie, and by some this action was construed as showing a seditious turn of mind. It is not denied that

his sympathies were entirely with Mataafa, but it is unjust to his memory to suppose that he ever for a single moment sought to bring about a war. The Civil War of 1893 was none of his doing; on the contrary, he endeavored by every means that lay in his power to prevent it. Malietoa is dead; but Mataafa and Tamasese still live, and these two remember Stevenson as a man whose efforts were always for peace. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," was the text of an address he delivered on one occasion to a number of chiefs at Tamasese's headquarters, and afterwards to an assemblage of about five hundred of Tamasese's supporters. That was not a fighting speech; that was no advice to them to take the heads of their enemies.

The causes that led to the civil war were many, and Stevenson had nothing to do with them. Mataafa was the popular idol of the country; but the Powers supported Malietoa as king, despite the fact that when Malietoa

Tamasese the Elder

had been sent into temporary exile he had transferred his kingly functions to Mataafa; as for Tamasese, he, too, had a large following. The country was rent with dissensions. A local rhymester thus summed up the situation:

Two kings we have, they're both polite,
For neither likes to start a fight;
So one sits down at Mulinuu,
Quite hard at work — with nought to do.
The other lives just down the coast,
And little does but talk and boast;
While youthful Tamasese's name
Atua's chiefs will soon proclaim:
And then we shall have monarchs three,
But each without a salary.

On May 8, 1893, Mataafa wrote the following letter to Malietoa:

To His Majesty Malietoa Laupepa, Mulinuu:

YOUR MAJESTY: — I write this letter with the greatest respect to your Majesty, that you may be friendly disposed towards me, because although you are very angry with me my intentions here expressed will not change. I am very anxious for you to change your mind, that we may both be well joined

together in peace and friendship. I beg of you to give over your anger referred to, because I know from many reports that reach me that you, and those that are with you, of Tumua and Pule, and Itusu, and Alataua, and Aiga, are about to cause war in Samoa on account of our being divided. I do not understand the reason why this war should take place. If you are angry concerning the name of Malietoa, let us take the matter into consideration. Sir, those who gave this name were Tuisamau and Auimatagi. It was by the wish also of Manono; it was by the express wish of Safotulafai, of Saleaula, of the Faleao, and of the Alataua. When you returned alive from your great distresses, you said to me, "Take you the command, and confer with the people, for I am not strong enough."

On another matter, I hear you are angry about the title of king. Certainly it was by your direction made in the presence of the great council meeting of our kingdom. You will perceive that my stay here has not arisen out of my error or pride. On this account I beg and entreat you to put away that word — War! This is my real wish and it is that of those of Tumua, and Pule, and Manono, and Saleaula, and Aiga, who are with me, and who say that they do not wish Samoa to be again torn to pieces by us two. I therefore beg of you, with those of Tumua and those Pule who are with you, to let us have a friendly meeting here. If you do

not wish the meeting to take place here, let it be at your pleasure whether it should be at Lalogafuafua, or Maauga, or Falue, or Utuagiagi, or Vailoa, or Fuifatu, or in Vaituutuu.

If from this meeting Samoa would reap any friendship and good, *then let it choose him that it is unanimous for and is satisfied with;* if your Majesty, then it shall be agreeable to my wish; if anyone else, or if myself, let that be pleasing to you, and do not be angry, for I do not desire to coerce and ride over the wishes of any Samoans. But let all Samoa be gathered together in friendship and in peace, and let our country then construct in peace, a Government; and we shall be able to carry out our agreements with the Three Powers.

Your Majesty, may you live long!

I am your true brother,

J. T. M. T. L. T. MATAAFA,

Pule in Samoa.

A copy of this letter appeared in the Samoa *Times* published in Apia, on May 20, 1893; and alongside it, above the signature of George Pritchard, a recognized authority on Samoan matters, appeared these explanatory remarks: "Mataafa was right in his offer to meet Laupepa the king, on

Laupepa's own malae, Vaitoelau, to talk of serious matters referring to the constitution of Samoa. Samoans do not know any malae at Mulinuu; it is only known as a good place for a fort. Atua or Aana chiefs would never think of meeting at Mulinuu to discuss political affairs. They would at once go to Lufilufi or to Leulumoega. It was a great drawback to the settlement of government affairs that Malietoa Laupepa did not go to Malie and have a talk with Mataafa. Parties say that Mataafa is a rebel; in our European style he is a rebel, but not in the Samoan. Mataafa is a high chief, in fact the highest chief in Samoa. No one is left equal in rank to him outside of the kingship. He was also appointed by Malietoa Laupepa, when Malietoa was taken away, to be his successor; and but for the unfortunate affair of the German Consul allowing a party of sailors from the Imperial German men-of-war to land at night at Fagalli, where a conflict took

Mulinnuu Point

place between the Germans and natives, Mataafa would still have been a king."

I think I have made it abundantly clear that the war which followed was not of Mataafa's seeking but that the blame for it must be laid at the door of the Foreign Powers, for without their backing Malietoa Laupepa would certainly never have entered upon it. Mataafa sought to bring about a settlement by peaceful means, and in that endeavor he was supported by Stevenson. He asked that a general election for the kingship should take place and bound himself to accept the result.

This proposition did not originate with Stevenson but he judged it to be the best, most satisfactory, and most expeditious way of disposing of the dispute.

CHAPTER XII

"LIBELLING" A MISSIONARY

Now Mataafa was a Catholic.

It was not surprising, therefore, that some of the Protestant missionaries opposed his claim to kingship. Although he was supported by nearly eighty per cent of the native population, many who had given their adherence to the Roman Catholic Church held aloof from him: strange as it may seem, his support was chiefly Protestant. The Protestant Samoan was unable to appreciate the objection raised by the Protestant missionary.

As for Malietoa, he had no following to speak of, and without the support of the Powers he would have been in a hopeless position. He was unable to collect any taxes, even though backed up by a proclamation issued by the Consuls representing the three

Powers; while, on the other hand, Mataafa had no difficulty in collecting such moneys as he needed. Malietoa, of course, was located in Apia; Mataafa had settled himself at Malie, the ancient Samoan capital. On behalf of the latter it was claimed that under the Berlin General Act of 1889 the Samoans were an autonomous nation, and were free to select their own form of government and their own chief, or ruler — as, indeed, the Act provided. The people had selected him by a very large majority, and he was prepared to show that majority at any time. If allowed to be king, recognized by the Powers, he stated he would not ask them to assist him as they had had to assist Malietoa, to collect his taxes, punish criminals, or otherwise to aid him in the discharge of his kingly functions.

The Consuls, the Chief Justice, and the President of the Municipal Council (who was also Adviser to the king) had frequently tried to get Mataafa to forego his claims and

recognize Malietoa as the lawful king. In reply he constantly referred them both to the English version and to the Samoan translation of the Berlin General Act; pointing out that they showed clearly that Malietoa was merely to be recognized as king by the Powers pending the election of a ruler by the people in proper form; that the people had proceeded to an election and had chosen him (Mataafa); that prior to the election they had asked the Chief Justice numberless times to set a date for an election to be conducted in the ordinary European manner, and that he had always neglected to do so. Moreover, the Samoans had frequently told the Chief Justice in the presence of Malietoa himself "that he was not their king," and that it was only because of the refusal to set apart a date for an election that they had been driven to select a king by Samoan methods. Mataafa intimated that, although the people insisted on having him for their ruler, he was willing still to

waive his claim if the Chief Justice and foreign officials would conduct a new election, by the result of which he promised faithfully to abide.

And yet no move was made. The Consuls and the Chief Justice, being strongly influenced by the missionary view, refused to take any part in bringing about an election, which both Stevenson and myself, as well as others, believed that the Berlin General Act certainly contemplated. On one occasion Mataafa came into Apia under cover of a promise of immunity in order to hold a conference with the Consuls. The meeting was productive of no good, because Mataafa based his case on the Act referred to, and demanded that the Powers should either recognize the election that had taken place or provide for a new one. "For," said he, "how can Malietoa be king of this country and govern it when he is not respected by the people and they will not have him? To enforce the decrees of your court, to collect

taxes, he has to have the assistance of your warships. His followers are few and unimportant and without your support he would fall to-morrow."

I have heard of many strange things being done by missionaries, but I confess I was hardly prepared for such an infamous proposal as was made to the United States Consul, Mr. H. M. Sewall, by a missionary whom I will call the Rev. A. B. C., who was attached to one of the British societies. This gentleman, who had been employed in an official position before the Lands Commission, and who had been asked to resign on account of certain peculiar practices, actually made a proposition to Mr. Sewall that he should decoy Mataafa into Apia — granting him safe conduct — and that while he was in the town he should be seized either by the Malietoa party, or by men from the warships!

Greatly surprised, Sewall was on his feet in an instant.

United States Consulate, occupied by Mr. Harold M. Sewall in Stevenson's time.

"Mr. A. B. C.," he said, coldly, "this cannot be done."

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, I am a gentleman!"

A. B. C. then suggested that the Germans should be got to do the dirty work, or that it should be done in such a way that they would get the blame for it; but so disgusted was the consul that he bade him dismiss the subject from his mind and never mention it to him again.

Some time afterwards, when particulars of this interview had reached me, I heard that A. B. C. was about to depart for England; and I concluded at once to give him a little certificate of character for presentation to the missionary society which had accredited him to Samoa. I have reason to believe that he did not make use of it on his arrival in London; but I had foreseen this contingency, and had sent a copy of the letter to the secretary of the society. It was as follows:

Rev. A. B. C.:

DEAR SIR: — In July of last year I returned from Sophia Island, and soon after my arrival I saw Mataafa at Malie and advised him to try to comply with the request of the Consuls and disband the forces then assembled at that place. My suggestions were followed, and the people who had assembled there in large numbers soon dispersed. Regarding his own personal movements, he said that he was afraid to enter the municipality for fear of treachery, for it was publicly reported that you had proposed that Mr. Sewall should entice him to Apia so that he might be seized and summarily dealt with. Under these circumstances he was afraid to accept any assurances of safety. I had heard the same report, and I therefore could give him no advice as to his personal movements.

This story to which I have referred has for many months been the common talk of Apia, and it is said to have been a number of times confirmed by Mr. Sewall himself. It is to the effect that you suggested to Mr. Sewall that he should induce Mataafa to come to Apia under a promise of safety, and that while here he should be seized. Mr. Sewall is said to have replied that there was one great difficulty in the way, and that was that he was a gentleman and could not engage in any such dishonorable transaction. In reply to this, it is said that you remarked, "Oh, do it in a way that the

Germans will be blamed for it!" Whether or not this is a correct report of your interview with Mr. Sewall I do not know, but it is the version that is continually told in Apia, and which you should know of.

Many people in Samoa look upon you as a very untrustworthy person, and they are glad to hear of your early departure, for it is thought that your political interferences have already done much harm, both to the municipality and to the government.

A copy of this letter will go forward by the same steamer as that on which you sail to the secretary of the — M. S., and perhaps you will be asked to explain some of your actions here, especially the story which is the subject of this letter.

If it is untrue, or not exactly as I have related it, you will be able, no doubt, to get a statement from Mr. Sewall that will put matters right and place your character in a much better position than it has occupied in Apia for a long time back.

Naturally enough, when Mr. A. B. C. reached London the society called on him for an explanation and defense; and when he denied the truth of the story, the society wanted to know why he had not remained in Apia to answer the charges made against him. He had gone away without so much

as acknowledging the receipt of my letter; and he was informed that the society could not employ him further in the mission service while this thing was hanging over his head. So back he came all the way from London to Apia full of wrath and uncharitableness.

Stevenson had dealt with the subject in his *Footnote to History;* and on returning to Apia, A. B. C. immediately called on Mr. Carruthers and ask him to initiate a suit for libel against both of us. But Mr. Carruthers informed him that he was my solicitor and could not accept the case against me; and before A. B. C. had time to get hold of Mr. Cooper, the only other solicitor in the place, I had retained him on behalf of Stevenson. Now the strange part about it is that the only copy of the *Footnote to History* in Samoa was in the possession of A. B. C., who had obtained it while he was away. No copy had up to that time reached the author, as we find him complaining to his

publishers in these terms: "It is now as you see the 19th of October, and there has not reached the island of Upolu one single copy or rag of a copy. I lie; there has come one, and that in the pocket of a missionary man who is at daggers drawn with me, who lends it to all my enemies, conceals it from all my friends, and is bringing a law suit against me on the strength of the expression in the same, which I have forgotten, and now cannot see. This is pretty tragic, I think you will allow!"

Two of the missionaries called on me one afternoon, and at their request I told them all I knew about the matter. They hated the idea of going into court if it could possibly be avoided. I told them I believed the story to be true and held the view that Mr. A. B. C. was not the class of man to be a missionary. I would not take anything back, and I told them I did not think Mr. Stevenson would, either. The missionaries thanked me for the information I had sup-

plied them with and said they would see Mr. Stevenson. For their part, they said they were men of peace and reiterated that it would be a pity if the case got into court.

They went straightway to Stevenson, and next day they came back to me with this proposition: "We are willing to call into Apia all our white missionaries who are living in the Samoan group, and we are willing that they should hear all that you and Mr. Stevenson have to say at the mission house, as well as any witnesses you may desire to call. We are willing to bring Mr. A. B. C. before them to hear all that he has to say. You and Mr. Stevenson may ask Mr. A. B. C. all the questions you like, while we and Mr. A. B. C. may ask you and your witnesses all the questions we like. We are willing to take all the testimony down faithfully and accurately and submit it to the society. Further, we are willing to guarantee that there will be no action at law, provided that you agree to apologize to Mr.

A. B. C. in the event of the society considering, after having perused the evidence, that the charges are unfounded. If the society considers Mr. A. B. C. guilty, he will, of course, retire from the society's service."

We agreed to this as being a fair proposal, and we attended before the missionaries in due course, taking no lawyers with us. We were treated with the utmost fairness. As far as my recollection goes, Mr. Stevenson said that the rumor was a current one and he had believed and still believed it. Mr. Blacklock, acting Consul for the United States, was called, and stated that Mr. Sewall had told him substantially what I had written in my letter to Mr. A. B. C., adding that Mr. Sewall was furious at such a proposition having been made to him. Mr. Harper, employed at the consulate, as secretary to Mr. Sewall, testified that he sat in the adjoining room and heard every word of the conversation distinctly. Mr. Sewall had unfortunately left Apia and was not present. The

evidence was taken down carefully and read over to us, and I have no doubt it was all submitted to the society in London.

In the course of time Stevenson and myself each received a communication from the society, intimating that Mr. Sewall had been asked to give an account of what had occurred, and a copy of his letter was forwarded to us. It was as follows:

Bath, Maine, U.S.A., Dec. 13, 1892.

Rev. Wardlaw Thompson, 14 Bloomfield St., London, E.C.

SIR:—I have been requested by Rev. S——, on behalf of the members of the Mission in Samoa, to write you in reference to a matter of which you have doubtless been notified. A controversy has arisen whether Mr. A.B.C. of the Mission in Samoa once made a certain suggestion to me, which has been quoted by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in his recently published work, *A Footnote to History,* and in different language by Mr. Moors, of Apia, in a letter to the directors of your society, a copy of which and a copy of a statement made by Mr. A.B.C. before a committee of investigation in Apia reached me with Mr. S——'s communication. Mr. A.B.C. denies having said what is imputed to

him, and the question thus raised is so serious, affecting as it does the good name of everybody concerned, that I do not hesitate to comply at once with Mr. S——'s request.

On the morning of the 8th of July, 1891, Mr. A.B.C. called upon me at my office in Samoa and was received by me in my private room, where an interview followed, lasting I should think an hour. The report of this as given by Mr. A.B.C. in his statement is correct as far as it goes. Indeed, he reports it much more fully than I could have done. He does not report, however, what most impressed me and the only part which need be noticed here. To understand this, the following preliminary statement is necessary, and this, as Mr. A.B.C. states, is the only interview to which the story could be traced.

Three days before, on the 5th, I had addressed a letter to Mataafa, urging him to return to Apia as he promised to do, and warning him of what I feared would be the consequence of his refusal to do so. I do not remember whether I wrote that he would not be molested if he acted in accordance with my advice and request, but this was certainly implied, and I am positive that I had received from Baron von Pilsach for the government, assurances of his safe conduct and return, or fully believed that I had done so.

As Mr. A.B.C. states, our talk turned at once to

Mataafa. After dismissing as impracticable several schemes for getting him out of the country, Mr. A.B.C. suggested that he might be seized in Apia. It is difficult at this time to recall the exact language, but to the best of my recollection this is what was said. I replied that Mataafa certainly could not be seized if he returned in response to my letter and that I would resist any attempt of the government to do so, for whether in words or not I had pledged my honor. To this Mr. A.B.C. replied: "It need not be said that you did it. You will be only one of many"— and more to this effect. I said I could not listen to such sentiments and expressed my surprise that they should come from him, and the interview terminated. The subject was never again mentioned between us. Being a private conversation it would not have been mentioned by me at all, but the suggestion of Mr. A.B.C. seemed to me so wicked and immoral, that I felt that the public good justified, indeed required, me to make the statements which I did, repeating it to Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Blacklock and I think Mr. Harper.

Mr. A.B.C. did not seek to have me entice Mataafa to Apia, for I had already written my letter which was my last effort in that direction. I am quite ready to endorse Mr. A.B.C.'s statement that he had no thought in his mind of carrying me to any such proposition as he afterwards made. The object of his call, as he stated it, was to confer with

me regarding the appointment of the natives' advocate; next in his mind he seemed to have the advisability of a combined attack by the Powers on Mataafa at Malie.

The idea that Mataafa should be seized at Apia apparently came to him only incidentally during the conversation, and I can understand now in the case of one who could make such a suggestion it might not have impressed itself on his mind as it did on mine. I would even be ready to say therefore that after so long a time he might honestly have forgotten it, had he not reported so accurately the other leading points in our interview, concerning which I did not speak with half the emphasis that I did on this.

I am sir,
Very respectfully yours,
HAROLD M. SEWALL.

Mr. A. B. C. had gone back to England before the communication from the society arrived, and he did not turn up again. Certainly no apology was ever made to him. Stevenson was elated when Sewall's letter reached us, for he had a great aversion to the law in all its branches and aspects. I told him that I had been sued and had sued

so many times that a libel case had no terrors for me, especially when I felt convinced that we were bound to win; but though this seemed to brace him up a little bit, his health about that time was far from what it should have been, and I really believe it was this sword of Damocles that was hanging over his head that was responsible for it. Here is a copy of a letter he wrote to Mr. Carruthers:

Jan. 24th, 1893.

Dear Mr. Carruthers:

Herewith a cheque for the amount of your bill. Many thanks for the news. I enclose, as I think it will interest you, a copy of Sewall's letter to Wardlaw Thompson. When you have glanced at it please hand it to Haggard. I am still on the mend, but with deliberation.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Jan 24th 1893

Dear Mr Carruthers,

Herewith a cheque for the amount of your bill. Many thanks for the news. I enclose, as I think it will interest you, a copy of Sewell's letter to Wardlaw Thompson. When you have glanced at it, please hand it on to Haggard. I am still on the mend but with deliberation.

Yours very truly
Robert Louis Stevenson

CHAPTER XIII

BRIEFING THE NOVELIST.

His aversion towards the law was a life-long trait in Stevenson's character — and this in the face of the fact that he had qualified for the bar in Edinburgh. He was admitted to practice, but he did not get much further than that, for he told me that he had only had one case.

"There are some cases," he said, with a smile, when I asked him what it was about, "that it is necessary to keep 'alive.' These cases have always been before the courts, and it is intended that they always shall be."

He had appeared to "wake" a claim. Some elderly person of weak mind, I think he said, was concerned in it; and it was necessary for somebody to go before the court at

stated intervals to represent this person and "make a motion," or something of the kind. This was merely done in order to revive the claim and the motion was always granted. Such was the case in which Stevenson appeared. He said he was very nervous and felt quite incompetent to deal with it, simple as it was. However, he managed to "make a motion" of some kind or other, and as it was granted he believed he had succeeded in his object. But he never wanted to go before a court again, either as advocate, plaintiff or defendant.

His agitated state of mind when threatened with a libel suit in Apia may therefore be readily imagined; and it was an amusing sight to see him throwing his cap in the air like a big schoolboy when I told him how I had outwitted A. B. C. by retaining the two lawyers. He was yet, however, to have other experiences with the law in Samoa; and, truth to tell, it was a fearful and wonderful law that we had in those days, enough to

scare most men. The strange part about it was that he was always courting the dangers of law; a man of sudden impulses, he would rush in where angels might well fear to tread, and trust to Providence to preserve him. For instance, there was that famous open letter he wrote while in Sydney to the Rev. Dr. Hyde, a Presbyterian clergyman in Honolulu in answer to the attack on Father Damien, of the Molokai leper mission. He fully expected when he sat down and wrote that fierce defense of Damien that he would land himself in a libel suit and possibly lose a large sum of money; yet nothing could deter him from pursuing the course he believed to be right. This open letter was afterwards reprinted in pamphlet form. Such satire and sarcasm, such fierce invective, I have rarely met with. But Hyde made no reply that I remember, though I think that some of his friends rallied to his support, pointing out particularly that the attack on Father Damien was contained in a private letter

and was published without the author's authority. There was no action for libel.

On one occasion Stevenson was himself retained as an advocate, so that he might be saved from the trying ordeal of being called to give evidence, of which possibility he was peculiarly afraid. A half-caste Britisher named Yandall, who had acted as a sort of interpreter for him, was charged with having committed an offense against Her Brittanic Majesty's Orders-in-Council for the Western Pacific. Acting now as his own interpreter, Stevenson regarded this as an attempt to " get at " himself. It was sought to prove that this man Yandall had supplied Mataafa's followers at Malie with certain information concerning the movements of the Malietoans in Apia; and the fact that Stevenson had visited Mataafa and his people, made him suspicious as to the real object of the authorities.

At the time in question Mr. Cusack-Smith, now Sir Thomas Cusack-Smith, was British

Consul in Samoa, and he was not on the best of terms with Stevenson. It had been suggested that the latter himself had his eye on the Consulship and that he reported Mr. Cusack-Smith for some alleged irregularity or misdemeanor. Color was lent to this by the following paragraph which appeared in the Samoan *Times* of September 17, 1892:

> We are unable to ascertain the grounds for the statement in the Auckland papers of the 10th inst., that Mr. R. L. Stevenson has been appointed British Consul at Samoa. Mr. Cusack-Smith has no official notice of such a step having been taken. It is quite probable that there may be some truth in the report, however, as changes having occurred in the British Parliament might possibly affect some Consular appointments. We should be sorry to lose our present Consul, even if it were to his advantage to be removed. It is better to have the devil you know, etc.

Moreover, in his *Times* diatribes Stevenson had not scrupled to include the British with the German and United States Consuls, whose administration he attacked. He cer-

tainly believed that the Yandall case was a trumped-up affair, and that he was the real man aimed at, just as he had believed the "sedition" regulation framed by Sir John Thurston to be directed chiefly against him.

"I know it's me they want to get at," he said, somewhat hysterically as he entered Mr. Carruthers's office, "and I know they'll want to call me as a witness. My God, Carruthers, if they put me into the witness box, I don't know what I'll be saying if I once start talking."

The solicitor pondered. Then, suddenly, an inspiration came to him. "I have it," he exclaimed. "I know what we'll do. First of all, I'll go up and retain Cooper, so that the other side can't get him, and then — why man, we'll retain you."

Stevenson looked at him aghast.

Carruthers smiled. "You're a barrister, you know; and you are entitled to practice in our courts. If we retain you, they will not then be able to call you as a witness."

"Bravo!" shouted Stevenson, heartily gripping the hand of this sharp-witted lawyer who, needless to say, would have adorned any diplomatic service.

And there and then a brief was written out and handed across the table to the novelist, retaining him as advocate for the defense; only it was not the ordinary kind of brief by any means — it was very much more brief.

The case for the prosecution was so weak, and there was no lawyer to add anything to its strength, that there could be but one result; Yandall was discharged. Stevenson did not appear in court at all; he was afraid even to be seen in its precincts, and stayed at home, waiting anxiously to hear the result of the case, his solicitor having promised to let him know as soon as it was over. But his impatience was too much for him, and in the course of the day, before the case had been disposed of, Mr. Carruthers received this note from him:

My dear Mr. Carruthers: — What is the result? Please excuse the impatience of the client, and remember you are expected to walk and dine on Sunday with

Yours very truly,
R. L. S.

"My friend," said Stevenson, when he next saw Mr. Carruthers, "I'm pleased with you. I'd like to give you one of my books; which shall it be?"

Memories and Portraits was selected, and in it Stevenson wrote these words: "R. Hetherington Carruthers, from his client, in memory of field days and nights in Matafele."

CHAPTER XIV

WHEN MALIETOA WAS KING

Chief Justice Cedarkrantz and Baron Senfft von Pilsach, President of the Municipal Council in Apia, were the two foreign members of the government appointed in accordance with the Treaty of the Powers to rule Samoa. One was a Swede, the other a German.

When, after his arrival in 1891, the Chief Justice held his first great meeting of native chiefs, he was told by the majority that "this man Malietoa Laupepa, who sits by your side, is not the true king of Samoa; we will elect our king according to the provisions of the Berlin General Act." Then they asked him to set apart a date for the election; but he evidently had some secret instructions,

for he delayed the election from time to time, and ultimately, after a year of waiting, declared that there would be no election until the death of Malietoa.

Upon this, at least two-thirds of the people, and afterwards a great many more, withdrew their support from the government, and refused to pay taxes. Cedarkrantz and a few Malietoans were left in state on Mulinuu Point. The court had no jurisdiction beyond the municipality of Apia, and the government was powerless to collect taxes, serve warrants, or arrest offenders. Stevenson and myself objected to the government which this Nebuchadnezzar had set up, because we could readily see it would not support itself and that without foreign interference it would fall to the ground utterly. We desired that the Samoans should start out correctly and in good spirit under a chosen ruler, and that then if necessary the Powers should uphold that leader. Mataafa was clearly the choice of the people, and no one ever seriously dis-

Faamu, the only daughter of the late Malietoa Laupepa, who was king in Stevenson's time. As a little girl, she was one of Stevenson's favorites

puted this. Subsequent events proved that Malietoa Laupepa, who was assiduously supported by foreign sailors for several years, became a mere puppet in the hands of interested persons, and failed dismally as king, even after his chief opponent had been subdued and deported from the realm.

Under the circumstances, Cedarkrantz found himself in a hopeless position. Believing that Stevenson and I were advising the natives how to act, he tried to obtain evidence with a view to prosecuting either one or the other, or both of us, within the municipality, over which alone he had jurisdiction. In order to make the position quite clear, I will here quote Article I of the Berlin General Act:

> It is declared that the islands of Samoa are neutral territory, in which the citizens and subjects of the three Signatory Powers have equal rights of residence, trade, and personal protection. *The three Powers recognize the independence of the Samoan Government, and the free right of the natives to elect their Chief or King and choose their form of*

Government according to their own laws and customs.— Neither of the Powers shall exercise any separate control over the islands or the Government thereof.

Now the Act also provided that "in view of the difficulties which would surround an election in the present disordered condition of government," Malietoa Laupepa should for the time being be recognized as king, "and his successor shall be duly elected according to the laws and customs of Samoa." When the Act was drafted, Mataafa reigned as king of Samoa, Malietoa having formally withdrawn and having at a friendly public meeting given his own adherence to his greater and much more manly kinsman. On receipt, therefore, of this remarkable provision in the Berlin Treaty the Consuls consulted as to the advisability of making it known to the then reigning king; but the telegraphic news came openly, and they were left no choice. It was I who was chiefly responsible for inducing Mataafa to resign his conquests, and, as I

thought, accept temporarily a secondary position — this because I read in the plain English of the first clause of the treaty that the islands were to be autonomous and the people were to have free right to elect their ruler. No other settlement, indeed, seemed practical, or even sane; and Mataafa, intrenched in the hearts of his countrymen, had no fear of the results of a fair election.

Peace was reigning in Samoa at this time; but a multitude of disasters were to spring from this new instrument from Berlin. No steps were taken towards the holding of an election for king; disorders were manufactured by the equivocation and delay of the Chief Justice and the foreign officials, backed up by some of the Protestant missionaries. Was it any wonder that the "disordered condition of the government" continued? And this "disorder," consequent on their own acts, was the justification of the Consuls to the Powers in continuing to support Malietoa.

On August 22, 1892, after returning from a trip down the coast, I had occasion to write the following letter to the Chief Justice:

Sir: —

I returned last evening from a short pleasure trip to Manono with some friends, having left the island at 10 A. M. that day.

I hear from my clerk, Charles Taylor, that during my absence you alternately endeavored to cajole and frighten him into divulging to you the nature of my correspondence with Mataafa. Mr. Taylor informs me that you commanded him to attend you at 2 P. M. on Saturday last, and that you told him that if you could not get such information as you required by coaxing and by promise of governmental employment you would take another and rougher way to get it. Mr. Taylor further tells me that he did not go to Mulinuu and that he will not at your bidding emulate Judas and betray his master.

Since when has it become the duty of the chief judge of a country to play spy and detective? And how comes it that you who would be supposed to hear and fairly judge any complaint that might be made against Mr. Taylor or myself, are now endeavoring to collect evidence to use presumedly in

your own court against us? Another and more dignified way exists, sir, by which to extract from Taylor the information which you appear to so much desire. Once more look into the Berlin General Act, and I am sure that such an inventive genius as yourself will be able to so construe it as to fit the case. Apply it, or one of the laws "enacted" by yourself, to poor Taylor, and he will be placed upon his defense, and perhaps his employer will furnish him with a copy of every document which he has ever translated or handled for him. Your knowledge of human nature is, sir, I fear, very deficient indeed, and I am not at all flattered to learn that you place such a low estimate on my own intelligence as to think that I would place myself in the hands of Charles Taylor or any person so young and inexperienced as he is if I were engaged in a perilous undertaking.

Notwithstanding what you or your few adherents may think to the contrary, I am not the adviser of the Mataafa party, and I again must say that I think my reputation for good sense is impugned, for I believe that that party could not act more stupidly than they are doing, knowing as I certainly do their great strength and the feeling of hostility which exists throughout the country towards yourself and the remaining few chiefs on Mulinuu. No one, sir, is more surprised than I am that Mataafa has not advanced long ago and overwhelmed your govern-

ment by sheer force of numbers, and without the firing of a shot.

Regarding my trip to Manono, to which you seemed to attach some importance, you will find if you take the trouble to examine the boat's crew (all Mulinuu men) that at none of the places at which we stopped were any political questions discussed, and if you further question these men you will find that to the westward of Malie and at Manono there is scarcely a man to be seen, everyone of importance being at the capital as they call it (Malie).

Your remarks concerning Mr. Stevenson will, I suppose, be related to him by Mr. Taylor, and I suppose that Mr. Stevenson will attach as much importance to them as they deserve, for I am sure that he values your good opinion as much as I do.

I assure you, sir, that Mr. Stevenson, some others and myself are not likely to risk our property and our personal liberty. We may be friendly with both the Malietoans and Mataafas, and if we do not think that your measures are wise and just we may speak of them in public or in private and express our disapproval of them if we like, for you, sir, are a public servant and all your public acts are open to criticism.

It is not our opposition that is bringing your government to its end; it is the want of our support, which we cannot give to you.

Respectfully, etc., H. J. Moors.

I did not see Stevenson until a week or ten days after I had sent this letter; but when he saw a copy of it, he heartily coincided with every word of it. The letter had the desired effect, and Cedarkrantz ceased from troubling. Of our little affair with that gentleman Stevenson wrote to his friend Mr. Colvin:

> There is great talk in town of my deportation: it is thought they have written home to Downing Street, requesting my removal, which leaves me not much alarmed; what I do rather expect is that H. J. Moors and I may be haled up before the C. J. to stand a trial for *lese-majesty*. Well, we'll try and live it through.

Now I come to one of the most remarkable pieces of business of which the country has any record. Under the Berlin General Act, the town was clearly entitled to the import duties, and it had enjoyed them for several years, the money being spent on roads and other public improvements. Subsequent to the refusal to hold an election for a king and

the resultant lack of support, the government which Cedarkrantz and Senfft von Pilsach were running, soon found itself in a very precarious condition. The funds were short and no taxes could be collected. Under the Treaty, all the rates collected from the natives went towards the government of the land, those collected from the whites towards the upkeep of the municipality, and, being now unable to collect money, how was the government to carry on? In those circumstances, the Twins (as Stevenson used to call them) looked with covetous eyes on the evergrowing funds of the municipality, and finally conspired together to make use of them. Baron von Pilsach was President of the Council and Treasurer in one.

One of the first things they did was to abstract surreptitiously from the municipal treasury a sum exceeding three thousand dollars, and with this they purchased the only newspaper in the town, the *Samoa Times and South Sea Advertiser*. Up to this time the

journal had been fairly impartial; but after it was purchased by the government the old editor went away and a new one — a man who had been some time in Apia, "waiting for something to turn up"— took control, and the paper was run to suit the purposes of Cedarkrantz and von Pilsach. These two gentlemen, as Stevenson said, now behaved in a manner worthy of characters in comic opera. Without the knowledge of the council, von Pilsach privately instituted a suit, in his capacity as adviser to the king, against the municipality to obtain control of the funds, amounting in all to about twenty thousand dollars. Chief Justice Cedarkrantz heard the case. Von Pilsach appeared on behalf of the king; the Municipal Council was represented by — von Pilsach. The Baron argued in favor of the plaintiff; the Baron presented the case for the defendant. The Chief Justice listened patiently to what von Pilsach had to say on behalf of the king; he turned to hear what the same learned counsel had to

say for the municipality; and he then left the court to write a decision diametrically opposed to his own verbal dictum given at a Council meeting a short time previously.

All this took place without a single soul connected with the municipal government of the town knowing anything about it; and when it did become known, wonderment, surprise and incredulity were succeeded by an open revolt. A special meeting of the Council was held — Baron von Pilsach, as President, being in the chair! — and the excitement ran so high that many of the general public attended to watch developments. All business in the town was practically suspended. As a member of the Council, I told our President what I thought of him to his face; so indignant was I that I was barely able to restrain myself from assaulting him. So enraged were the people also, that any step against the President would, I was assured, receive their support.

Confronting the President I said: "I move

that this Council has no confidence in your integrity."

The motion was seconded by almost every member at once: but the President took objection to it, and not only did he refuse to put it to the meeting "as being of a personal character," but he abruptly adjourned the proceedings, amid scenes of wild disorder.

A couple of hours afterwards a bellman was sent around, with the following large placard on his breast:

PUBLIC MEETING.

All citizens are requested to attend a public meeting in the Apia public hall at 4 P. M. Business: to consider the proposed appropriation of the municipal funds by the Samoan Government.

Stevenson, who at all times took great interest in public affairs, was not present at this meeting, for it was hurriedly convened and he had no notice of it, being at Vailima at the time. Shortly after the meeting, however, he turned up at my office, and I told him what had happened. It was proposed to seize the

municipal treasury and place it under guard, and further to remove Cedarkrantz and von Pilsach forcibly by ourselves assuming all responsibility and carrying on the government until such time as the Consuls communicated the situation to the Powers. I was Chairman of the Board of Works, and having most to do with the expenditure of the municipal funds it was but natural that I should be one of the leaders in the revolutionary movement.

The foreign Consuls, including the German, sided with the Council. In fact, I think the British Consul must have had some idea of what was going on behind the scenes, because some two weeks before the denouement he had advised me to spend the municipal funds as rapidly as possible. "Let there be no dissensions in your Council as to the manner of spending the money," he said, "just spend it as quickly as you can."

Stevenson and I agreed upon a basis of action. For one thing it was definitely de-

cided to seize the funds, provided we could obtain a fair amount of support. He then sat down at my desk and wrote in pencil the following proclamation and letters, which I then had typed:

PROCLAMATION!

The undersigned members of the Municipal Council of Apia appeal to all good citizens:

(1) In the agitated state of feeling in this town, the funds entrusted to their care are felt to be in danger. They have accordingly placed the Municipal Building under the protection of Volunteer Guards; and should these be molested, an alarm bell will be sounded from the veranda, and all good citizens are requested to assemble immediately at the Municipal Building prepared to preserve order.

(2) Payment from the Municipal Treasury is for the present suspended.

(3) Mr. Otto Martin has been granted leave of absence, and Mr. —— has been appointed per interim to receive all taxes, licenses, import and export duties, which may fall to be collected under the BERLIN TREATY, until the present difficulty has been satisfactorily arranged.

S. von Pilsach, Esq., President of the Municipal Council:

The undersigned members of the Municipal Council of Apia present their compliments to the President.

In view of the disturbed state of feeling in Apia, they have placed the Municipal Building and Safe under armed guards. All payment is suspended; and it is not intended that the Safe shall be opened until it be so (in the presence of the Consuls if possible) for the purpose of verification.

To the Consular Board of Apia:

The undersigned members of the Municipal Council beg to lay before the Consular Board the enclosed copies of a Proclamation to the public and a letter to Baron S. von Pilsach, President.

It is explained that the Councillors are affected with a sense of their responsibility to their constituents; that the state of public feeling on the occasion of the last meeting appeared on the one hand alarmingly violent, that on the other the Councillors have received information, possibly inexact, that the funds for which they are answerable have been already tampered with; and that they have decided accordingly to protect their building, suspend payment, and forbid access to the safe until a verification of its contents can be made, if possible, in the presence of the Consular Board.

It is hoped that these steps, directed solely to the preservation of public order, and in defence of their own responsibility at a period of competing judicial decisions and unexpected claims for arrears, will meet the approval of the Consular Board.

In addition, the following communication was addressed to Malietoa Laupepa, whom we were obliged to recognize as King of Samoa:

Your Majesty:

The undersigned members of the Municipal Council beg to lay before your consideration the enclosed documents, translations of which will be forwarded to you later in the day.

The steps mentioned therein are taken with respect under a sense of responsibility, and in the fear that the moneys contributed by their constituents have been or may be tampered with. In the suspension of payment mentioned, it is explained that your Majesty's civil list will be made the subject of special consideration. The desire which animates the Councillors is to perform the duty with which they conceive themselves to be entrusted, nowise to interfere with the functions or convenience of your Majesty.

In conclusion, they beg to remark that they are many of them old residents in Samoa who have

long proved their interests in that country, and to pray that in all that regards the present regrettable difficulty the advice of the Consuls of the three Powers may be solicited and well considered by your Majesty.

But nothing was done with either the proclamation or the letters, for we could not get sufficient support. When it came to the point, nearly all the members of the Council backed out, afraid lest it should in the future react on them. I took soundings, and was compelled to inform Stevenson that no one could be depended on if troubles assailed us. "Well," said he, "I guess you and I will have to be the whole revolution, if we go on with it."

He was very disappointed; but it afforded him another opportunity of noting what a strange and complex thing is man. Here we had a number of prominent people whose braggadocio was enough to have conquered the world, if talk and threats could do it, but who, when it came to acting, slunk ignominiously out of sight.

Samoan girls making kava

To Andrew Lang, my friend wrote these words bearing on this little episode in his life: "It is a grind to be interrupted by midnight messengers, and pass your days writing proclamations (which are never proclamated) and petitions (which ain't petited) and letters to the *Times,* which it makes my jaws yawn to re-read."

Those *Times* letters! What a rumpus there was! What confusion! And what a squirming on the part of the bought-and-paid-for Samoa *Times,* to which important journal it seemed "rather amusing that we have to go to London to obtain the utterances and sentiments of one who lives amongst us in Samoa." Not only had the Samoa *Times* to defend the derelict officials; it had to try to exonerate itself; and on November 12, 1892, it printed this piece of news: "The interested persons who are continually stating that we are a government organ *lie* — under a grave error. As we have said before, *we are the proprietor, and are not in any way inspired*

by Samoan government officials." The person who called himself *we* was entirely without funds and had arrived in Apia in very precarious circumstances. The only result of his appearance on the scene was to damn all possible progress. From the beginning he was entirely discredited, and the citizens soon mustered sufficient money to start a new and independent organ, the *Weekly Herald,* the first leader for which was written by Stevenson.

Among other things the Samoa *Times* stoutly resented the reflections of the London *Times* on "the diplomatic instrument forged at Berlin;" and it joyously published the following item of news from that city: "The *Vossiche Zeitung* considers the Samoan Convention a great mistake and that the position there is untenable. It suggests the complete disarming of the natives and the arrest of the white residents who meddle in internal affairs, including Mr. R. L. Stevenson, the novelist."

The only letter which Stevenson honored

the editor of the government organ with during the whole course of the trouble was this:

Sir:

I have to ask you to find space for a correction. I have never in any of my letters to the *Times* or elsewhere, had occasion to criticise unfavorably the officers of the German Empire at this place.

I am, etc.,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Vailima, Nov. 18, 1892.

The absolute ludicrousness of the situation in Samoa is best shown by quoting from one of Stevenson's last letters to the *Times:*

The government by the Berlin General Act is no more than a mask, and a very expensive one, for the government of the Consular Triumvirate. Samoa pays (or tries to pay) £2,200 a year to a couple of helpers; and they dare not call their souls their own. They take their walks abroad with an anxious eye on the three Consuls, like two well behaved children with three nurses; and the Consuls, smiling superior, allow them to amuse themselves with the routine of business. But let trouble come, and the farce is suspended. At the whistle of a squall, these heaven-born mariners seize the

tiller, and the £2,200 amateurs are knocked sprawling on the bilge! . . .

Government by the Treaty of Berlin was still erect when one fine morning in walked the three Consuls, totally uninvited, with a proclamation prepared and signed by themselves, without any mention of anybody else. They had woke to a sense of the danger of the situation and their own indispensable merits. The two children now thought their day was over; the nurses had come for them. Who can blame them for their timidity? The Consuls have the ears of the governments; they are the authors of those despatches of which in the ripeness of time Blue-books and White-books are made up; they had dismissed (with some assistance from yourself) MM. Cedarkrantz and von Senfft, and they had strangled, like an illegitimate child, the scandal of the dynamite.

It was with obvious joy that Stevenson wrote to Mr. J. M. Barrie, "In conjunction with the Three Great Powers, I have succeeded in getting rid of My President and My Chief Justice. They've gone home, the one to Germany, the other to Souwegie."

The "scandal of the dynamite" that is referred to in the letter quoted was nothing

less than a proposal to blow up a number of native prisoners in the jail (which at that time was situated immediately at the back of the site of the present court house) in the event of a raid on the town which Mataafa was supposed to be planning. Had an explosion taken place not only would the prisoners have been blown to atoms, but great damage would have been done to the whole neighborhood, without the least benefit to the Malietoans.

CHAPTER XV

SAMOA'S "GRAND OLD MAN."

When the war of 1893 broke out I was in Chicago; and while in that city I received a letter from Stevenson, describing the combined operations of the foreign warships and the Malietoans against Mataafa. I had reason to be thankful, he wrote, that I had been spared the sight of Mataafa's downfall and the humiliations which he suffered at the hands of ungrateful Samoans and interested foreigners. He added that he could not help thinking that had I been in the country I would have found a way of averting the war.

Mataafa surrendered, and was deported to Jaluit in the Marshall Islands, together with about a dozen of his highest chiefs; a large number of other chiefs were thrown

into jail. Malietoa was set up as king, with the blare of trumpets and all the pomp and circumstance of kingship. Flags were hoisted and salutes were fired; the usual consular visits took place; and Malietoa Laupepa was proclaimed undisputed King of Samoa.

It was a mockery. This king with greatness thrust violently upon him found himself absolutely unable to collect a tax of any sort. The only possible way in which he could have got in his revenues was by utilizing the men-of-war as tax-gatherers. So detested was this makeshift ruler that in a few months Tamasese the younger revolted, raising the standard of rebellion in the eastern districts of the island of Upolu. Profiting by the disasters that had befallen Mataafa, owing to the interference of the foreign Powers, Tamasese remained in the fastnesses of the main island where the warships could not harm him, and he did not make peace until after he had inflicted some smarting defeats on the Malietoans and the terms were to his

satisfaction. But even when peace was made the Samoans as a whole declined to pay any taxes to the Malietoa government, and they never did so till the day of Malietoa's demise. There was very little lamentation over his sudden end, and the circumstances of his burial were of the most modest character.

Throughout, Stevenson strongly supported Mataafa; and I believe that if it had not been for the novelist's death, this old man — thrice elected King of Samoa, though deprived of his rights by the Powers — would have had more justice done him. Stevenson was in such close communication with him that by some he was indeed suspected of aiding and abetting him in warlike preparations. The Samoa *Times* openly hinted at it. So spiteful was this strangely edited newspaper that it lost no opportunity to attack the gifted resident among us; and on May 5, 1894, long after Mataafa's downfall and deportation, the following appeared in its columns:

What are we to understand by the fact that Mr. R. L. Stevenson imported by the last boat from Sydney six repeating rifles and a case of ammunition? Has there been a revision of the Treaty in this particular? If we remember correctly, about July, 1893, four rifles and some ammunition — 1,500 cartridges — imported by Mr. H. J. Moors were considerately taken charge of by the government.

The article was a long one, with a decided sting in it; though published under the pretense of advocating equality of treatment for all, it was nothing but a veiled attack on Mr. Stevenson, insinuating as it did, that he could not possibly require six new rifles for use at Vailima alone.

We know Stevenson's estimate of Mataafa; what is Mataafa's estimate of Stevenson? "I shall never forget him," he said recently to a friend of mine. "He often came to see me. He was very kind to me and my people. He never said he would come to see me 'weather permitting;' he always came on the day he promised, no matter if it rained.

"The beautiful letters that I had from Tusitala, and many presents he gave me, were all destroyed when I was sent away. When I was in exile in Jaluit, my friend did not forget me, for Mr. Graham Balfour came to see me, and in Tusitala's name presented me with two large bags of ava and many fine goods. And the chiefs who were with me as political prisoners, their names were not forgotten; for every one there were so many shirts and so many lavalavas.[1] And my chiefs in jail at Mulinuu, he remembered them and fed them.

"After I am dead, men will connect our names. He was as well known to me as a brother, as well known to me as my son Tupuafaasua. When he came to Malie, he gave us good advice, saying 'You must look after your people well and govern Samoa wisely, for if the three Powers see you cannot govern yourselves they will wrench the government out of your hands.'

[1] Lavalava, a loincloth.

Mataafa

"His words have come true, all of them. Everything he predicted has come to pass. His wisdom was great, and he was always for peace.

"I am glad a settled government has come to us. If it were not so, there would be many wars. I prayed unceasingly to God for a good and stable government, and he heard my prayer.

"God bless the spot where Tusitala lies! He showed me what was good for Samoa — and I would like to have a big picture of his face to hang up in my house."

And a few years ago Mataafa sent me this letter:

Mulinuu, March 22, 1906.

I write this letter in ever-loving remembrance of the Chief Tusitala. It is impossible for my heart to forget the great love of this Chief. He loved me exceedingly. He was to me like a true father and a true brother. His advice to me to keep peace and good order in Samoa was excellent; it was very necessary that Samoa should not be fighting. His great love to me was even shown by the raiment that he gave for the keep of my body. I

dearly love him, and the good wishes of my heart are ever with him. I greatly love his wife and Lloyd, their son. May the King who reigns in heaven receive this Chief in His eternal mansions!

This letter is ended, but my love towards his Excellency Tusitala will never end.

I am,
J. MATAAFA,
High Chief of Samoa.

Poor old, ill-used Mataafa. He was sent into exile for several years, and was only allowed to return on entering into a bond to refrain from doing anything calculated to disturb the existing government. He lives now away in the hills three miles south of Apia in a neat frame dwelling erected on his own lands. Out of the revenue of the country he is allowed a modest pension and certain other grants. His estates are worked by his retainers, and from them he obtains both food and money. Though he no longer directs native armies, or enforces obedience to native laws, he finds quiet occupation in mildly administering the details of his own plantations

Mulinuu 22 Mata 1906

O lenei tusi, o lou faa mana tuga alofa tele pea i le Alii o Tusitala. ua le mafai ona galo i lou loto le alofa tele i lenei Alii Sa matua alofa tele o ia ia te au. Sa tusa lava o ia ma le Tama moni ma le Uso moni sa matua tele tele lava o ana faatoaga telei ia te au ma le filemu ma nofo lelei pea. Sanoa aua le utatua sa matua tele lona alofa i mea e tausisi le tino o mea e lavalava. Ua le mafai ona galo i le alofa ma le faamoemoe o lou loto i lou alofa tele ia te ia. Ou le alofa tele lava i lona fatilua ma Toia. Tola. ile Sa alofa lava le Cupu e afio i le Lagi ia talia i maota e faavavau lenei Alii

Ua iu le nei tusi, ae leui le alofa i lana susuga a Tusitala

O au. o I Mataafa
Alii sili o Samoa

and in such pompous ceremonials as still attach to his chiefly dignity. For by all Samoans — and by all whites, too — he is regarded as the greatest living Samoan.

In these days, when our former animosities have all been worn down, people wonder how it came about that the Powers were so long constrained to support a weakling and decadent native dynasty with arms and men to the detriment of a well-chosen ruler, who asked no assistance and whose character was always far above reproach.

Mataafa, weighted with years, but relieved of cares and consuming contentions, sits in his comfortable retreat, wonderingly watching the remarkable success attending the efforts of a few talented white officials, who without the least show of force behind them took up the Samoan entanglements, unravelled them, and with new machinery wove them into a stout and useful fabric. He sees for once in his long life — and his years are more than seventy — that every district has been paci-

fied and has turned without reluctance to peaceful pursuits. His savage warriors of a few years ago now sport bicycles, or ride in carriages along the many useful roads that have been carried over morasses and through mountains, and along the formerly inaccessible cliffs that face the sea. Court houses, churches, schools and other buildings for the education, convenience and uplifting of the people have been constructed without incurring any debt whatever, and salaries which a few years ago would have swamped the weak energies of the islanders are now promptly paid, and a surplus of funds laid by to meet emergencies. Mataafa is not disturbed by this progress, for neither his liberties and privileges, nor those of his people, have been curtailed; on the contrary they have been enlarged. Although he is styled the "Alii Sili O Samoa"— the Supreme Chief of Samoa — he knows he is not king and that he must be entirely guided by the Imperial Governor.

If a letter may serve as any criterion by which to judge a man's heart, or to gauge his sentiments, the following touching epistle addressed to me gives a good insight into this old chief's character:

Amaile, Sept. 11, 1899.

To his Excellency, Tupuafaasua Misimoa.

My dearest and loving son of my heart: Greetings to you, also to your wife and children, whom I wish may have health and strength.

I wish to inform your Excellency that I am thoroughly out of sorts, and my body is still weak, but the village and our family are all well. I have to thank you, my dear son, for the beautiful, expedient and truthful words of the letter you have written me.

You are very right; we must not be boastful — I mean myself and those who are associated with me — but we must render thanks to God who ended our tribulations and changed the late troublous times into peaceful ones, the Great Powers on earth taking part in this transformation as if also by Divine commandment, and apparently taking pleasure in so doing. It appears that God is still pouring blessings upon us, and is Himself arranging a peaceful and pleasant government for Samoa. May he ever turn the hearts of the Great Powers

in a kindly way towards poor Samoa, so that we may still hold our honest rights and independence for the benefit and happiness of future generations.

I believe that your ideas and mine are identical on this subject. Now my dear Tupuafaasua, my words to you in this letter are insufficient to express my feelings towards you. All of your kind and prudent advice to me will be accepted fully.

Which of these two ancient names would you wish to choose? Both are within my gift, and both are very honorable. The one is Tauiliili, and the other is Tupuafaasua. Please let me know by letter. One of my grandsons who has been attending the Marist Brothers' school has been named Misimoa,[1] and it is my desire that you name your eldest daughter Pafuti.

Your Excellency desired me to try to call together a large meeting. Now I have asked Tumua and Pule to do this. It must be a great meeting where all Samoa can be gathered together — a sincere peace conference.

Now my letter ends, but not my love, which ever turns towards you and your wife. Kalala sends her kindest regards, and all the girls join with her in sending also their alofa, as well also as all the inhabitants of our town and household.

[1] My Samoan name, as placed in front of my various trading stations throughout the Samoan group of islands.

Mataafa, Alii Sili (high chief) of Samoa, with whom Stevenson was intimately associated. On Mataafa's right is his wife, and on his left Sale Taylor, the "sesquipedalian young half-caste" mentioned in *Vailima Letters*, who grounded the novelist in the Samoan language

I close with my own best love to your Excellency and to your wife. Long life to you.

Your true friend and father,

J. MATAAFA.

Shortly after this letter I received another from him, hardly less touching. "My great love yearns toward you every moment," it began; and Mataafa went on to ask me to accept a piece of land at Amaile as "an offering of love and gratitude." There is a pathetic interest in the following words: "I wanted to give you a piece of land in Apia, but in these times it cannot be done, as I have no land there now. So I am desirous that you get a piece of land right here in the heart of the village; and there you can have erected a house of recreation where in your holidays you and your family may rest and enjoy yourselves near me. And when the Lord has willed us to die, then your body and mine will be laid together here in this very spot." He stated that he was building a new tomb, and desired that I should share it with him.

They might have dealt with you more kindly, Mataafa! Who, dear friend, will ever estimate your forbearance towards your enemies, or your high virtues as a Christian man, now that Tusitala has departed, unless I in humble strain recite a portion of your history?

CHAPTER XVI

THE "ROAD OF GRATITUDE"

Stevenson told me that one of the things it had cost him most pain to write was his letter to the *Times* dealing with the overthrow and deportation of Mataafa. As I have already stated, some of his principal chiefs were deported with him.

"As for the other twenty-seven in gaol," wrote Stevenson, "let the doors be opened at once. They have shown their patience, they have proved their loyalty long enough. On two occasions when the guards deserted in a body, and again when the Aana prisoners fled, they remained, one may truly say, voluntary prisoners. And at least let them be fed. I have paid taxes to the Samoan government for some four years, and the most sensible

benefit I have received in return has been to be allowed to feed their prisoners."

The circumstances relating to the feeding of these prisoners I have already related. These were the men concerning whom Stevenson spoke to me when I returned from the States in the latter part of 1893. These were they who shortly afterwards accompanied me to my store "on parole" from the jail and loaded themselves with provisions and returned to give a feast to their captors. These were they who on their release at the end of August, 1894, made the "Road of Gratitude" leading from the main road — the Ala Sopo — to Stevenson's house, a distance of about a quarter of a mile.

On September 1, 1894, the Samoa *Times* published the following interesting statement:

The names of the Samoan political prisoners who were pardoned last week and released from Mulinuu gaol are Lata, Fea, Muliaiga, Leao, Fatialofa, Po'e, Tupuola and Taugaloa (the last named being let out provisionally). On inquiry, we gleaned that when a batch of prisoners was

pardoned a short time since those mentioned above had been promised their liberation when the exigencies of the political situation warranted such an act of Royal clemency.

On the submission of the Atua rebels, the Government considered that such Atuans as were incarcerated, and others whose towns are now supporting the government, might be released on their promise of good behavior; hence the exodus from gaol to which we have referred.

It was understood that when the first party was pardoned — in order to show appreciation of the act — a certain amount of road work was to be done by them. In the present instance, however, no obligation of this nature was entered into, but the ex-prisoners, from a feeling of fair play, or some other unexplained cause, determined among themselves to do as their predecessors had done.

From some old feeling of good-will or affection towards Mr. R. L. Stevenson, the whole party found themselves at Vailima on Monday morning last, and informed that gentleman of their decision to make roads as an act of *alofa* to the king. They also expressed a desire from the kindly feelings which they entertained towards Mr. Stevenson to devote their attention to the road from Vailima to town. They wanted no food provided, other than what their women could collect — indeed, they wished the work to be one of *alofa* pure and simple.

Naturally Mr. Stevenson was very much flattered by this evidence of kindly feelings towards him, and expressed himself to that effect through the interpreter of the party — the well known Jack Muliaiga.

The work of "alofa" was concluded at the end of September, 1894; and to mark the occasion an interesting social function took place at Vailima. Among the guests, in addition to representative Samoans, were Judge Ide, President Schmidt, Mr. Mulligan, (United States Consul), Messrs. Haggard and Chambers (Land Commissioners), Lieutenants Eeles and Worthington and Dr. Hoskyne, of H.M.S. *Curacoa.* Among the Samoans was the Tuamasaga high chief Seumanutafa, whose conspicuous bravery and humanity on the occasion of the great hurricane of 1889 stands forth as one of the brightest deeds in the world's history. Half a dozen warships, British, German and American, were at anchor in Apia harbor on that memorable day, and of them all the *Calliope,* which steamed right out to sea in the teeth of

"The Road of Gratitude" as it is to-day, merely a clearing through the bush to connect the main road with the governor's mansion

the gale, was the only one to escape destruction. To-day the great rusty shell of the German warship *Adler* lies, a grim and pathetic monument of the fury of the tempest, high and dry, not more than a couple of hundred yards from my house, and at low water one may almost walk right up to it. Call to mind that at that time the Samoans were at war with the Powers, being subjected to daily bombardment, and the action of those dusky warriors was a thing to marvel at. Headed by this brave man Seumanutafa, they put down their arms, forgot that the men on those sinking ships were their enemies, and went forth to rescue them. History tells of few grander deeds than that.

This was one reason why Seumanutafa was an honored guest at Vailima on the day of which we speak. The ceremony opened with kava-drinking, the guests being seated on mats on the floor of the veranda. Then the ubiquitous photographer called for attention; and after that Mr. Stevenson read his well

known address. A Samoan translation of it having been delivered by Mr. Osbourne, Seumanutafa followed with some remarks of general interest.

In response, the Chief Po'e expressed on behalf of the native guests their appreciation of the courtesy shown them by Mr. Stevenson, whose good advice they would remember and endeavor to act upon.

At the junction of the new road with the old track, a signboard lettered by Mrs. Strong, was placed, bearing the names of the "alofa" workmen and an explanatory statement. You may see that signboard, to-day, interesting relic of an interesting past, albeit the hand of time is gradually wiping away the lettering, so that soon it will be scarcely decipherable.

In the native tongue there was this inscription:

Considering the great love of his Excellency, Tusitala, in his loving care of us in our tribulation in the prison, we have made this great gift. It shall

Seumanutafa

never be muddy, it shall go on forever, this road that we have dug.

"Chiefs," said Stevenson in his address that day, "our road is not built to last a thousand years, yet in a sense it is. When a road is once built, it is a strange thing how it collects traffic, how every year as it goes on more and more people are found to walk thereon, and others are raised up to repair and perpetuate it and keep it alive; so that perhaps even this road of ours may, from reparation to reparation, continue to exist and be useful hundreds and hundreds of years after we are mingled in the dust. And it is my hope that our faraway descendants may remember and bless those who labored for them to-day."

This he said of the road. Of Samoa and her people he said: "I love the land; and I have chosen it to be my home while I live and my grave after I am dead. And I love the people, and have chosen them to be my people to live and die with."

CHAPTER XVII

A PLAN THAT FAILED

" In contrast to Goethe," says Mr. Baildon, " Stevenson was but little affected by his relations to women, and when this point is fully gone into it will probably be found that his mother and nurse in childhood and his wife and stepdaughter in later life are about the only women who seriously influenced either his character or his art."

I sometimes wonder if Stevenson would have done better work if he had never married. " Marriage," he tells us, " is a field of battle and not a bed of roses." Once married, " there are no more by-path meadows where you may innocently linger, but the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave." And again: " It is better to face the fact and know, when you marry, that you take into

your life a creature of equal if unlike frailties; whose weak, human heart beats no more tunefully than yours."

True, his marriage was a happy one; but I make bold to say that neither was his character bettered by it, nor his art benefited. He was very fond of his wife and easily led by her; "Fanny" was like a king — she could do no wrong. Mrs. Strong, too, was headstrong and talkative, and generally got her way with him. Carruthers has spoken of that "swaying of his better judgment" by other people; and in justice to Stevenson I feel compelled to say that in my opinion those slippings from his own nature were due to the influence of the women folk of Vailima. Some very plain things have to be said if we are to excuse him for some of the things he did; or else he was a Don Quixote, a Tartarin de Tarascon, and a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde all rolled into one. I confess I am unable to understand, with all my intimate knowledge of the man, how he came to de-

scend to some of the pettinesses of which he was guilty.

It became quite evident to me that if Stevenson was to give us of the best that was in him, he must get away from the restraints and annoyances that he was subject to in Vailima. In an earlier chapter I have spoken of Nassau Island, a lovely spot in the Pacific that he and his wife had described as a veritable paradise. I opened negotiations for its purchase on his behalf, but one of his fits of depression came suddenly upon him, and the negotiations were broken off. About a year afterwards, on the death of the wife of the owner of the island, Captain John Ellacott, the paradise was offered for sale at a reduced price, namely four thousand dollars, and as Stevenson no longer desired to buy it I secured it myself. I then told him he was at liberty to make any use of it that he wished, and more than once I suggested that he should spend some months on the island.

On my return from the Chicago Exhibi-

Vailima in 1893 before the verandah was enclosed. The group shows—from left to right—Stevenson, Lloyd Osbourne, Mrs. Stevenson, Graham Balfour (the novelist's cousin) and Mrs. Strong. Native servants complete the picture

tion, I met him at lunch with a very jolly party at the Tivoli hotel; and as we had not seen each other for some considerable time and had many things to discuss in private, we retired to the tower in order that we might be free from interruption.

The Wrecker had not long been published, and though it had been favorably reviewed and was selling well, I felt that the work put into it was much below the standard that Stevenson was capable of. I wished to remonstrate with him on the subject of collaboration and to prick him to better effort. I had not at that time seen any of the pages of *St. Ives* or *Weir of Hermiston;* but *The Wrecker, The Dynamiter* and *The Wrong Box* jarred on my mind, and I felt that it would be doing my friend a kindness to tell him not only what was patent to me, but what also seemed to be the general opinion of his friends in the States — that collaboration was destroying his reputation. I now took occasion to recall the splen-

did work he had done in *Kidnapped, The Master of Ballantrae,* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* and besought him to keep up the standard he had reached in those books.

"Why, Moors," he said, "I was paid more for *The Wrecker* than for *Ballantrae!*"

He said, I think, that he received five thousand dollars for the serial rights of *Ballantrae* and six thousand five hundred for *The Wrecker.* From a monetary point of view I had to admit that *The Wrecker* was the more successful. "But even so," I said, "the story has not enhanced your reputation, and if you get a high price for it, your reputation as a writer of better tales won it for you. For heaven's sake, Stevenson, no more 'Wreckers' and no more 'Wrong Boxes!' What would Mrs. Oliphant say?"

He laughed. He took my expostulation in excellent part — thanked me, in fact, for my plain speaking — and then declared that

if he could get away somewhere to work undisturbed he might accomplish something worth attempting.

"Nassau Island?" I suggested once again.

Stevenson immediately brightened up. "The very thing," he said. "We will go down there together, and I'll see that you write down some of those wonderful stories you have told me of your early experiences among the islands. You can do it, Moors — do it admirably, I'm sure — and I'll help you over all the rough places. In return, you will be able to help me in many ways."

Now my only claim to being a writer consisted in having written a scattering lot of political documents which had somewhat attracted Stevenson; and while I readily promised that I would make an effort in the direction indicated, I scarcely meant it to be taken seriously.

The important question was how to keep the ladies away from our island retreat, but

he said he could manage it somehow. Meanwhile, I had myself visited Nassau, and had set a party of islanders to work, clearing out the encumbering vines, planting additional cocoanuts, and otherwise improving those three hundred and fifty acres, so that by the time of our arrival it promised to have almost a park-like appearance. Stevenson, longing for the peace and quiet of such a spot, evinced a lively interest in my account of these labors; and when we left the tower and rejoined our friends we drank a quiet toast to our own future happiness in Elysian fields. It happened that I had to visit the States again shortly after our talk at the Tivoli, and it was arranged that as soon as I returned the trip to Nassau Island should take place.

But I never saw Stevenson again. I shall never forget the shock I experienced when one morning, as I was sitting at breakfast in New Orleans I opened a newspaper and read a cablegram giving an account of

his death. All our plans were shattered in an instant. When I had left Apia my friend was looking well and was apparently in the best of spirits. I had thought he had many long years before him, and he had told me that he was then engaged on some work which I would be sure to applaud, though he gave me no inkling as to what it was.

But afterwards I learned that he had dropped the harmful collaboration and that it was *Hermiston* and *St. Ives* that he referred to.

CHAPTER XVIII

DEATH AND BURIAL

Stevenson's death fell like a thunderclap on the little community in Apia. The startling suddenness of it, indeed, came as a shock to many thousands in various parts of the world. His death from a suffusion of blood on the brain was quite unlooked for; it was not thus that it was expected. And yet he had his wish. A sudden end was his desire. He often spoke of death, even quite gaily, and he told me once that when the time came he would "like to go out swift and clean." He could not bear the thought of lingering in pitiable despondency and helplessness. And in the *Vailima Letters* we find him writing, "If only I could secure a violent death, what a fine success."

When, on the evening of December 3,

1894, Lloyd Osbourne, hatless and coatless, was seen galloping breathless down the Tivoli road into Apia, everyone knew that something serious had happened. The news was soon out; Stevenson had had a sudden and violent attack. One of the novelist's friends met Lloyd Osbourne in front of the Tivoli hotel, and on learning what had happened immediately sought the services of Dr. Anderson of H. M. S. *Wallaroo,* while Osbourne rode excitedly for Dr. Funk, the resident practitioner. Both doctors responded quickly to the call, making all possible haste to Vailima, and if skill and patience could have availed in such a case they were not wanting. From the first, however, there seemed but a glimmer of hope; and soon the light had fled from hospitable Vailima. Stevenson breathed his last about eight o'clock, never recovering a gleam of consciousness from the time of his seizure.

Little throngs of people might have been seen wending their way from all directions

towards Vailima, and even before the doctors had arrived the garden was well filled with a hushed and respectful gathering. When the end was finally announced, weird death wails, hymns and chants arose. During part of the night and the following morning the woods echoed and re-echoed as with their axes and knives many loving Samoans cleared a pathway up Mt. Vaea for the funeral procession.

Stevenson had wished to be buried on the summit of the mountain, and his wish was respected. Throughout the long night a number of Samoans at their own express wish, were allowed to watch by the body; and during Tuesday morning the body lay on a couch in the ball-room until removed to its final resting place. The face was calm and composed. On the couch were several Samoan fine mats, and numerous wreaths lay on a table near at hand.

Early in the afternoon the coffin was carried up the steep mountain to a small plateau

Vailima during Stevenson's time after he had made his additions to the original structure. The enclosed verandah on the second floor, at the right,—where the three windows are set together,—was Stevenson's workshop and library. The picture shows Lloyd Osbourne standing in the doorway leading into the great hall. This was the room in which Stevenson breathed his last

upon the summit; and so rugged was the pathway, so great the natural impediments, that in some places the bearers could do no more than retain their hold of the casket, while by means of ropes round their waists their comrades hauled them upwards towards the goal, thirteen hundred feet above the spreading ocean.

It was a long, sad climb; and as the procession moved the heralds in front waved their staffs of office and announced the occasion of the march, sorrowful wails from behind following each utterance. At length, when the last follower had scrambled to the top, and all were assembled around the open grave — nineteen Europeans, specially invited, and sixty Samoans — the service for the dead was conducted by the Rev. W. E. Clarke, Tusitala's chosen friend. An impressive address in the native language was delivered by the Rev. J. E. Newell, and the tears of the Samoans told how they felt their loss.

From the Samoa *Times* of December 8, 1894, I take this tribute:

"Vailima" is in mourning for the head of its clan, who now looks down upon his sorrowing relatives from the lofty site on which his remains have been placed to rest. He is dead, it is true, yet lives in his works, which will perpetuate his name and memory through generations. He lies in his narrow bed, thirteen hundred feet above the sea level, calm and passionless, whilst below him dissensions reign supreme among both natives and whites. What cares he, however? Or, what need he care? His race is run, and the good and evil that he may have done in this world recorded, leaving as we hope and honestly believe, a credit balance of no mean proportions.

Well, he is gone; the courteous, hospitable and kindly natured gentleman, whom high and low, rich and poor, relatives, friends and passing acquaintances will miss — if not in all cases from personal contact, yet from the repute of many kindly actions scattered with a lavish hand. Mr. Stevenson had resided among us for some years, and it may be said that during that period Samoa was better known to the world than during the whole of its former existence. In this sense especially we have been greatly benefited by his sojourn here. Even in his

death he draws special attention to this country as his last resting place. . . .

The deceased's health of late had been so much improved that his relatives had hoped his lung trouble was gradually ceasing to be absolutely dangerous. For a long time hemorrhage had not been in evidence, and all thought that the Faculty's prediction " that the forty-fifth year being safely passed, the sensitiveness of the lung would disappear," might be verified. Apoplexy does not seem to have been contemplated at all. Mr. Stevenson being — for him — in robust health, had put through an enormous amount of work of late, keeping his amanuensis, Mrs. Strong, at high pressure. A very powerful novel, which would have been called *Weir of Hermiston* or perhaps *The Justice's Clerk,* was in progress and about half finished; and the author was looking forward pleasurably to its being launched in the literary world as one of his best productions. This was not to be, however, as he and his book unexpectedly came to a terminus — in mid-life — and the train stopped there.

Just immediately before his attack Mr. Stevenson was engaged in superintending the manufacture of a special salad dressing, thus indicating that he was in good health and spirits. Suddenly he felt pains in his head, and was almost instantly struck down. He was carried into the big ball-room and laid on a

small bedstead, which had been hastily conveyed there. Here he remained, surrounded by his family and his Samoan servants, who anxiously awaited the end which all could see was inevitable. Just before Mr. Stevenson ceased to breathe, his favorite native body servant begged to be permitted to sing a hymn, and the lofty room resounded with the sweet but powerful voice of the boy. . . .

The departure was an ideal one for a poet. Sudden, painless — or nearly so — and, as one might say, in harness.

In harness — yes! He had wished to die in his boots!

I think Stevenson must have several times climbed up Vaea mountain, for on more than one occasion he spoke to me of the "gorgeousness" of the view from the top of "his mountain." On all sides, indeed, beauty unfolded itself. The Vailima watercourse consisted of two streams which joined at the base of the hill, and not far back from the house. Across the waters, close to the junction, he had built a rustic bridge, and from this there ran a winding path to a very considerable distance, all the while ascending.

Apia, the capital of German Samoa, with Mt. Vaea in the background. The tomb of Stevenson is on the inner apex, shown on the sky-line over the white building at the extreme left. This building is the church where Stevenson taught a Sunday-school class for a few Sundays. The store of H. J. Moors, where Stevenson spent much time, is on the extreme right, mostly obscured by greenery

On the one side was the tumbling brook, sometimes roystering loudly as it pressed forward towards the falls, bordered by lovely ferns, and arched by the towering malili and talia trees; on the other side the great mountains rose grandly, nowhere uncovered, for if a venturesome rock obtruded its presence more modest nature immediately discerned the blemish and sent forth its greenery to hide the nakedness from view. Here and there, on either hand, Mrs. Stevenson had planted shrubs and grasses, vines and gigantic bamboos, all of them artistically arranged and blending with the natural charm of the place. Many a shrub and tree from distant countries flourished there. On the east side of the estate, there was another fine pathway, extending for about a quarter of a mile; and though along its course no running water came into view, the noble archway of cooling green was eminently pleasing to the eye. Everything in the way of an obstruction had been removed, and convenient logs and rocks

afforded seats where one might enter into nature's sweet confidence and gather inspiration.

Little wonder that Stevenson chose to be buried on the top of Vaea, overlooking such a panorama. Lovely and pleasant it was in his life, and in death they were not divided.

It was a prophetic touch when he wrote, "I have gone into far lands to die." And to Mr. S. R. Crockett, he wrote from Vailima on May 17, 1893: "Here I am until I die, and here will I be buried. The word is out, and the doom written." Again, he wrote to his friend, Sidney Colvin: "It is beautiful, and my home and my tomb that is to be; though it is a wrench not to be planted in Scotland — that I can never deny."

Scotland! he ever turned his eyes lovingly and longingly towards the country of his birth; and there was something strangely pathetic in the poem that was published in *Longman's Magazine* just after his death.

The tomb of Stevenson on the summit of Mt. Vaea, showing the side bearing the inscription, "1850 Robert Louis Stevenson 1894," and the lines beginning, "Under the wide and starry sky"

"The tropics vanish, and meseems that I,
From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir,
Or steep Cae ketton, dreaming gaze again."

And when a "Sailor's Rest" was established in Apia not long before his death, in connection with the London Mission, he contributed a bedstead and named it "Allermuir."

Over the grave a cemented monument or tomb was soon erected by native labor, and in accordance with the usual native design. On one side, facing the east, his own well-known words were inscribed:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

On the other side, facing the west, are the words, "The tomb of Tusitala," written

in Samoan, followed by Ruth's speech to Naomi:

"Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: and thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

Chiselled on the tomb are a thistle and hibiscus flower — fitting emblems.

Here on Vaea's lonely summit lies what remains of Tusitala — here in the midst of nature's grandeur, where the stillness is broken only by the songs of birds, the whistle of the breeze through the tree tops, and the murmur of the sea as it breaks on the reefs and sands far down below, a Mecca point for hundreds who visit these shores.

A few days after the remains had been laid to rest, and at the wish of the surviving members of the family, a complete account of the last hours, together with some interesting facts and incidents bearing on the Samoan

The native inscription on Stevenson's tomb

career of the departed writer, were prepared by half a dozen close friends, each of whom dealt with a distinctive subject. As a result, an interesting pamphlet was printed, adorned with a specially prepared photograph — an excellent likeness of Stevenson in his later years — and copies were mailed to particular friends in various parts of the world.

CHAPTER XIX

AN APPEAL

Not long after Stevenson's death, the family left for the United States, and they have but once revisited their old home at Vailima. Before they left, they witnessed an interesting ceremony at the grave on Vaea, showing that the Samoans were not the only island natives who missed the kindly face of Tusitala. The Tongans resident in Apia asked for permission to decorate the grave; and this being granted about forty of them ascended the mountain, and after erecting a light frame-work covered it with flowers and greenery. Afterwards, they sang a dirge in their own language.

Stevenson left personal estate in the United Kingdom to the value of $77,625. By his

will, dated September, 1893 —" the last will and testament of me, Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson, known as Robert Louis Stevenson, Advocate at the Scots Bar "— he left half of his father's estate to his wife, together with all the rest of his money, books, royalties, manuscripts and other effects, with the exception of the Vailima estate, and in fee upon her decease to her son Samuel Lloyd Osbourne. " Vailima " was bequeathed to his step-daughter, Isobel Stewart Osbourne, or Strong. To his devoted amanuensis he also left a portion of his father's estate, stipulating that after her decease it should be administered in the interests of her son, Joseph Austin Strong. Several cousins and his old friend Sidney Colvin, keeper of the print room, British Museum, also benefited under the will. Charles Baxter, writer to the signet, Edinburgh, and Henry James, novelist, London, were appointed executors.

Writing to Baxter on the subject of death, " I am myself very ready," said R. L. S.;

" or would be — will be — when I have made a little money for my folks."

Before leaving Samoa, Mrs. Stevenson presented her numerous friends with some affecting tokens of regard; and among other things I value I received a large portrait of my old friend, a copy of which forms the frontispiece of this book. It is a startling likeness of Stevenson as he oftentimes appeared, but when compared with other portraits it will be found to present unusual features. Stevenson's appearance seemed to change with his moods and feelings, and this is the explanation. The medallion of St. Gaudens was wonderfully like the subject, and yet the face it gives us differs from that in my possession.

Much of the Vailima furniture, and part of the library, were sold by auction; and I became possessed of a considerable portion of these effects, including the Caligraph typewriter on which nearly all of the stories produced in Samoa were written. The old

horse "Jack" was turned over to Mr. Carruthers, the novelist's nearest neighbor, and close friend; and there alongside his old haunts he lives a life of ease and comfort.

"Vailima" remained unoccupied, except by caretakers, for a long time after the family left the islands, for it was difficult to find a purchaser for so expensive a place, situated as it was so far out of town. Eventually, however, it passed into the hands of a very wealthy German gentleman, Herr Gustav Kunst, who was in the habit of visiting the islands periodically to escape the severity of the northern winters. Chance brought him to Samoa in 1893, and thereafter he spent several months here every year. When "Vailima" was first brought under his notice, he offered five thousand dollars for it, but it is hardly necessary to say that he had not thought the matter over seriously; the offer was of course, refused. In conversation with the writer, Mr. Kunst remarked how singular it was that the whole civilized world

seemed always struggling to make money, since the pictured enjoyments it was said to bring in its train were all a myth. At fifty, he said, he had accumulated a great fortune by successful trading and banking operations in Vladivostock, and desired to retire. His partners, however, pleaded with him to remain in harness for another ten years, and he consented. "I have always regretted it since," he remarked. "Here I am, an old man at sixty-four, with so much money that I find it difficult to spend the interest. I have neither wife, nor child, nor close relative; and there remain to me only a few years in which to enjoy myself. Take warning from me, and do not hang on too long to business."

It was during one of these conversations that he told me the Stevensons had refused his offer of five thousand dollars for Vailima; and I smilingly pointed out to him that here was a case in which he allowed his old bargaining proclivities to interfere still with his

last enjoyments. We need not wonder if human nature puzzled Stevenson. Here was a man conspicuously generous, and yet his old trading instinct continued to master him, and he was even now — in the sixty-fifth year of his life, with more money than he knew what to do with — trying to drive a hard bargain. The property as every one knew, was worth far more than double what he had offered, and I could not refrain from pointing his inconsistency out to him.

A picket fence separated us, but he suddenly shot his hand through exclaiming, "Shake hands, Moors. You're entirely right. What an old fool I continue to be. Where are the Stevensons? Put me into communication with them, and I will buy the place."

Mrs. Stevenson was then in the Azores, and correspondence was at once opened up, with the result that Mr. Kunst bought the estate at an advance price. This gentleman then set many men to work, clearing and

beautifying the land, and at the same time he added another wing to the house, making it something of a mansion. Before the final improvements were completed however, the war of 1899 broke out, and the place was for some time deserted. Then Mataafa's forces descended and built a great line of intrenchments along the lower portion of the property, extending perhaps half a mile to eastward, so that one flank rested on an inaccessible ravine, and the other abutted on the precipitous mountain side. These natives were heavily bombarded by the warships lying in Apia harbor, and after it was thought they were cut to pieces and flying for their lives, the Tanu forces and the foreign sailors rushed forward to take the position. Their calculations were far astray, and they were met with such dogged resolution that, notwithstanding their extensive supplies of ammunition, and the dearth of cartridges on the side of the Mataafans, they were driven down the hill side, well towards Apia, with

severe losses. Simultaneously the Mataafans, knowing well that the warships would resume the bombardment, came lower down the hill after the attacking forces had withdrawn, and the result was that the shells flew harmlessly over their heads. During this struggle the main building at Vailima was pierced in many places by fragments of the exploding shells and its owner later collected good damages from the United States and Great Britain in accordance with the arbitration award made by King Oscar of Sweden. It was not until about 1903 that Vailima was brought to its present state of perfection. The grounds were piped for water from the higher springs, and an electric plant was installed. The stables were filled with fine horses, carriages and appointments were imported, and at the same time a great sum was spent in furnishing the house handsomely. I believe that for the table service twelve thousand dollars' worth of silver plate was brought to Samoa. In addition to his lav-

ish expenditure on Vailima, Herr Kunst gave freely of his wealth to the little town itself. He built and outfitted a modern hospital at a cost of about fifty thousand dollars. On the land which he acquired in a central position in the town he erected a fine market building of steel and cement which ought to endure for many years. This generous spirit was suddenly cut off during a visit to the Fatherland towards the end of 1905, and it is likely and indeed appropriate that the hospital, the market building, or an avenue, will be named after him by the grateful citizens of Apia.

More recently Vailima, thus improved and beautified, has been acquired by the German government from Mr. Kunst's nephew and heir and is now the official residence of the Governor, Dr. Solf.

No serious thought, however, has been given to the solitary resting place of that master mind and tender spirit whose initials are, to many others besides Mr. Barrie, the

Vailima as it appears to-day, occupied as the residence of the Governor. It will be noticed that the enclosed verandah has been done away with, and that a large addition has been erected to the westward

sweetest in recent literature. There lies the almost primitive tomb in its lofty solitude, quite neglected, visited alone by the birds of the air, and by such bold spirits as have made up their minds to face the difficulties of the arduous ascent; and until recently the pathway, the narrow zig-zag track that the natives made when Stevenson died, was so overgrown and tangled with tropical vegetation and fallen trees, as to be well-nigh undiscoverable. Of the many visitors who come to Samoa with the intention of visiting this alluring shrine, few are able to make the ascent; for ladies the task is sometimes out of the question, and they are usually content to find consolation in visiting the mansion and the grounds, and gazing inquiringly at the historic mountain towering verdantly before them, for some sign of the hallowed spot at the top. But exuberant nature has erected her screens of greenery veiling the rough tomb from view, and it is only after a long stiff climb that it can be seen. Some time ago

the subject of this neglect was laid before Dr. Schultz, then acting Governor of German Samoa, by Mr. Whyte, of whom I have previously spoken, and with a generosity that will be keenly appreciated by lovers of Stevenson the world over, he at once took steps on behalf of the German government, to open up the pathway and to clear the sepulchre from encroachments. It does not redound to the credit of the English-speaking people, that it should be left to Germany to preserve this historic spot from utter neglect.

A number of prisoners were set to work, and not only was the little plateau on the mountain top carefully weeded and cleared, but the pathway to the grave was remade. "I regret very much," wrote Dr. Schultz, "the bad condition of the road leading to the burial ground of Mr. Stevenson, knowing well the great esteem people of all nationalities acquainted with the author's life and literary work maintain towards the deceased. I was not aware of this neglect,

and had the necessary repairs immediately attended to. I shall take measures that the road is kept in permanent good condition."

Literature, after all, forms a common bond between the nations, and a man of letters is a citizen of the world at large, but such work as this little German colony can afford to do, while other and pressing interests voice their claims, must always remain more or less insignificant. Let us do our share. A good road is needed, leading across the beautiful brook and along the shady path Stevenson once joyfully followed, up to the top of Vaea. Such a road, with an easy grade so that horses could be employed for most of the journey, would probably cost three thousand dollars. As he approaches Apia, the visitor from across the seas is told: "On yonder peak lie the remains of one of the world's best beloved writers of fiction — one of Scotland's most gifted sons." But he looks in vain for some sign of the exact location of the tomb; nothing but interminable greenery meets his

eye; and even when he at length arrives at Vailima itself, with the mountain close at hand, there is no trace, no signal, of the sacred burden it holds aloft, as if it were an offering to the gods.

Shall this condition of supreme neglect still obtain? Shall the last resting-place of this master be suffered to lie in such undesirable obscurity? Surely, here, if anywhere, is the place to erect a memorial to his genius — here "under the wide and starry sky," where his earthly remains were laid to rest. Let there be raised on Vaea a monument worthy of the man, one that will at once serve as a tribute to his worth and a landmark to the storm-tossed mariner. Away to north and east stretch twenty miles of sweeping ocean, from which the summit of this lofty mountain may be seen; and as one looks down from the peak itself, the view is almost uninterrupted, obscured here and there only by a few tall forest trees. These are on the property of Mr. Thomas Trood, the British

Vice Consul, who has already intimated his willingness to cut them down. Though it is not generally known, the spot where Stevenson is buried was part of this gentleman's estate and it was some time before the mistake was discovered. The land was then, however, presented to Mrs. Stevenson who in giving Mr. Trood a portrait of her husband wrote on it: "To T. Trood, Esq., whose kindness shall never be forgotten by Fanny V. DeG. Stevenson."

I would suggest that steps be taken to raise a fund to erect a monument and to construct an easy pathway up the mountain, and that a portion of the money be put by so that its accumulating interest might serve to keep the grave and path always in good condition. As to the frequency of earthquakes, to which Mr. Graham Balfour has made reference, I may point out that not one of great violence has ever been known in Samoa; there is no ground for fear that a well built memorial would be overthrown by a convul-

sion of nature. Fifty miles away to the westward, the bright glare from Savaii's open crater on "Mauga Afi" may be viewed on almost any night from Apia, and this open vent gives assurance that seismic disturbances on Upolu Island are not likely to be violent.

THE END

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

REC'D LD-URL
NOV 28 1969
REC'D LD-URL
DISCHARGED
DEC 28 1981
JAN 25 1982
REC'D LD-URL
REC'D LD-URL
MAR 29 1985
APR 1 1985

Form L9–Series 444

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 367 097 3
3 1158 00749 7059